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The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone



- **Maintain Your Family's Life Lines**—*Rachel S. Browne*
- **How Children Find God**—*Mabel Niedermeyer McCaw*

October 1951

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

E. Lee Neal, *Editor*

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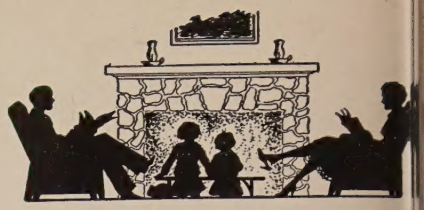
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Fireside Chat . . .

Are you going to move?

If you plan to change your residence, it is very important that you secure from your post office copies of post card Form 22 Completely fill out card indicating the date on which you will move and mail well in advance of your moving day, to the Christian Board of Publication, 2700 Pine Blvd St. Louis 3, Missouri, and the American Baptist Publication Society, 1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

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Editors of Hearthstone

* * *

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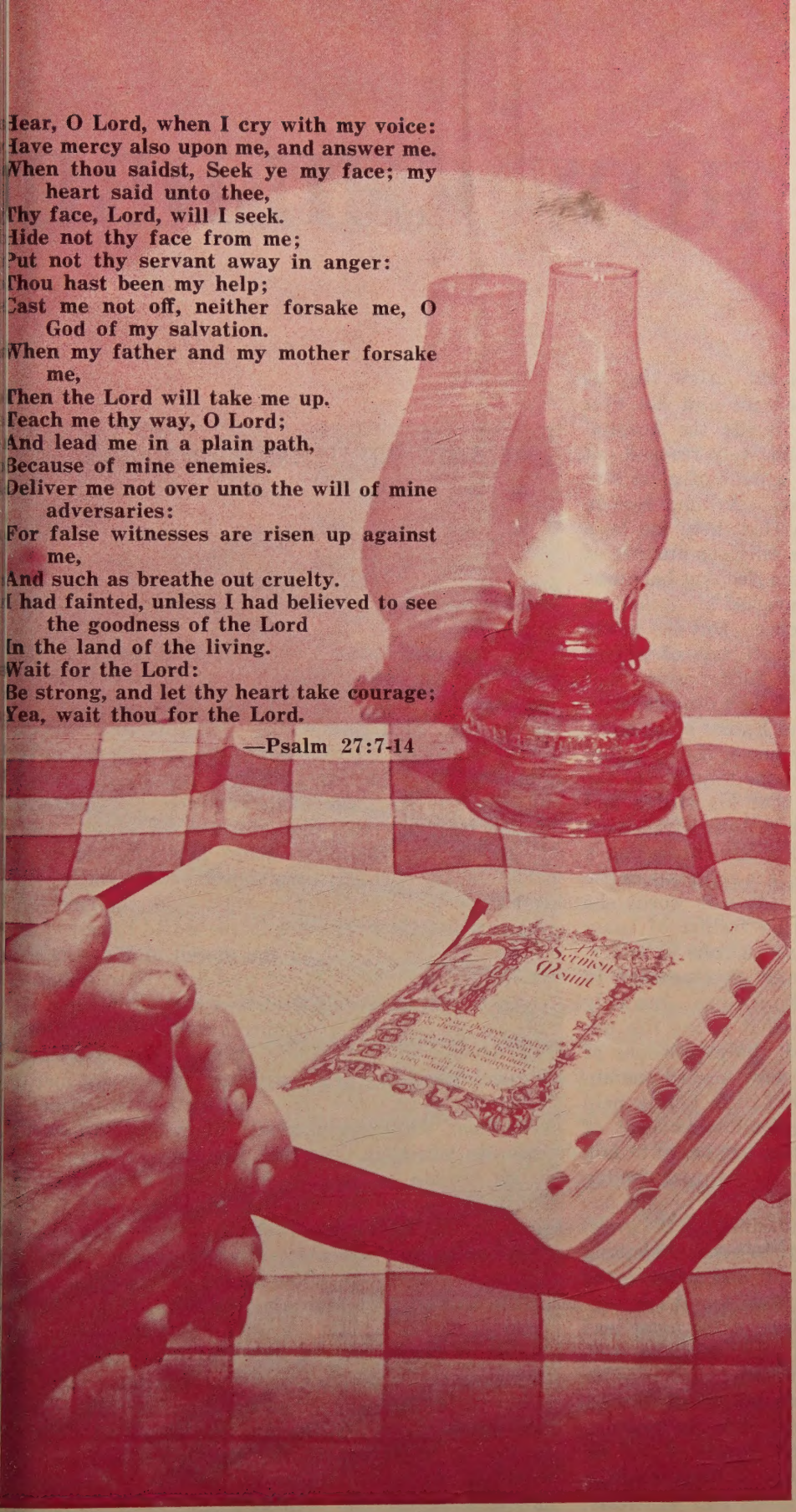
* * *

Are the members of your family scattered perhaps over the country? Are you as close to each other as you were when all together? Rachel S. Browne tells us how a family, no matter how widely separated, can still be a tightly knit family unit in "Maintain Your Family Life Lines" on page 15.

* * *

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Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice:
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee,
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
Hide not thy face from me;
Put not thy servant away in anger:
Thou hast been my help;
Cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
When my father and my mother forsake me,
Then the Lord will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Lord;
And lead me in a plain path,
Because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:
For false witnesses are risen up against me,
And such as breathe out cruelty.
I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord
In the land of the living.
Wait for the Lord:
Be strong, and let thy heart take courage;
Yea, wait thou for the Lord.

—Psalm 27:7-14

A Word from The Word

HOW CHILDRE

MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCAW

JIMMY WAS only five hours old. How tiny he looked with his fists doubled up and his eyes tightly closed in this bassinet inside the hospital nursery window! Big Jim instinctively reached out his arms and then realized that a pane of glass separated him from his newborn son. A lump rose in his throat as he breathed, "Oh God, help me be a good father to my boy," and the religious nurture of tiny Jim was begun. Not that the sleeping babe was in any sense conscious of the prayer of his father, or even aware of his father's existence. But the newly born was being enveloped in an attitude of prayer and reliance upon God which in future weeks and months would contribute to the child's own developing understanding of the God and Father of us all.

So it is with children in every home. Long before they come to know or understand the meaning of the word God, the foundation for that knowledge and understanding is being laid through the attitudes expressed in the home. The tenderness with which a mother cares for her baby, the joy she expresses as she fondles him or plays with him, the soft words she speaks to him, and the comforting feeling of being held in her arms—all of these lead a babe to understand the nature of love, and later give meaning in the little child's mind to God, who is Love. Not only is this true in babyhood, but as that young life unfolds into childhood and beyond, the expressions of love which a father and mother show toward one another and toward other members of the family help that life to grow and develop the love concept of God. And when father and mother are heard to talk about God or to pray to God with the same feeling which they express toward the child and toward one another, God takes on added significance for the growing child, and he begins to emerge as being something different from the child's parents and other loved ones.

The environment and atmosphere of the home lead to an understanding of God in other ways as well. Belief in a God of forgiveness becomes more possible when the spirit of loving understanding and forgiveness is constantly being made evident in the relationships of the home; the mercy and justice of God become real in terms of the presence of these qualities in the solution of family difficulties and problems; the dependability of God becomes the reflection of the degree to which the child is able to depend upon the words and actions of his parents under varying conditions and circumstances; and the righteousness of God is but the sum total of the goodness which the child sees expressed through the lives of those abou him.

Again, countless opportunities arise daily in th home through which boys and girls may come t know God. Wonder at the phenomena of nature— the opening of a cocoon, the unfolding of a flower the flicker of the firefly's lamp, the arching colors o the rainbow, the budding of fruit upon the tree—is an avenue through which the greatness and goodness of God may be revealed to children. Childish questions seeking information about new discoveries o achievements open the way for answers which wil lead the young questioner to know God, the Creator who is still actively at work in the world today. The rhythm of day and night, the march of the seasons the cycle from seed to flower and back to seed again the operation of the physical laws of the universe al may be interpreted as testimonials to the orderliness and dependability of God. Illness, accidents, and physical disasters may be explained in terms of man's failure to obey God's laws or to work in harmony with them, while the existence of evil in the world finds its Christian interpretation in God's gift o choice to man and man's subsequent abuse of that gift in his refusal to choose that which is good. When guided aright, children will be quick to see that wrong decisions bring their own penalty in some form o suffering, and the belief in a God of moral law and justice will have its beginning.

God. A God of love. A God of justice and mercy A God of forgiveness, of order, of dependability, o righteousness. God the Creator, still actively at work in his world. We will not expect these concepts to unfold simultaneously in the mind and heart of a child Rather we shall expect the knowledge and understanding of God to be a growing process on his part just as we expect him to make a gradual physical and mental growth.

The little child's first response to God, we have said, is the reflection of the feeling of love and reverence and wonder which he senses in his mother or in the attitude of others around him. He is capable

IND GOD



A Child's Thought of God

They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of Heaven and earth across His face,
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and said,
"Who kissed you in the dark, dear guesser?"

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

——Child on the Painted Horse

The painted horse on the carrousel
Has a perfect gaited stride—
Here is a mount considered safe
For anyone to ride.

Yet once, when I was very young,
He rose with me in space
And galloped high above the trees
With wind upon my face.

Among the children riding now
I look for one like me
Who knows his mount for something more
Than what it seems to be.

And I can tell it by his eyes,
Far-seeing and intent,
That show the horse has carried him
Upon adventure bent.

Although the horse comes back to earth
And stares from painted eyes,
This child will always see beneath
A real horse in disguise.

HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL——————

of thinking of God as the One who provides for his needs as he enters his second or third year, and his response then becomes one of gladness for the things which God has given. Simple prayers of "Thank you, God," can be introduced at this time.

In her book, *Guiding Children in Christian Growth,* Mary Alice Jones tells us that at the age of four, children seem almost to be "God intoxicated," and that God is given credit for everything "good" that happens, and that everything "bad" is equally credited against him. Children are religious realists at this age and need help in wording their prayers lest they ask and expect God to do anything and everything for them.

At about five or a little later the child conceives the idea of helping God by caring for plants and pets and by helping other people. When six, a child has grown to distinguish between right and wrong, making ready for the idea of a God who is sorry and eager to forgive us when we do wrong. The next few years see the development of the thought that God works through physical and moral laws, and he becomes a dependable God, the Creator of an orderly universe. Each succeeding year enriches these concepts until that time arrives when the child makes his own decision concerning God and his infinite goodness (as revealed through the life of Jesus), and consciously accepts the Christian way of life for himself. This hour of decision may come flashing through some climatic event in the life of the child or as just another steps in the gradual growth of his understanding.

But feeling or thinking about God is not enough for a child. He demands "doing" activities as well, and here, too, the home makes its contribution. Happy is the family who experiences God together! Such an experience may be brought about through the simple act of saying grace at meals, the children returning thanks at times or the whole family using a prayer or hymn together. Or it may be through some simple form of family worship in which the children have an active part and materials familiar to the children are used. The establishment of certain family traditions may be another means by which boys and girls come to see the importance of God in their lives. The Christian observance of birthdays and anniversaries, the recognition of an honor won or of a victory achieved on the part of some family member, participation in a garden-planting ceremony or dedication of the garden fruits, the consecration of the family income to the work of the church and to the best interests of the family are all typical of family customs or traditions which help to make God real to growing life. Family service projects, ranging from starting a bowl of narcissuses for a shut-in to doing without something for themselves in order that a gift of money or food or clothing might be sent to some needy individual or group, provide still other channels through which the family may find God together.

Your child learns about God in your home in these and other ways. The truth of this fact is sometimes overwhelming to serious-minded parents. They feel the need of help for their task and they find it in a number of ways. Enriching their own faith and life through Bible study and prayer and participation in the worship services and study programs of their church has always been a major source of guidance and inspiration to them, for how can they radiate a vital faith in a loving and good God to their children unless they possess and live such a faith themselves? How can they guide the growing prayer life of their boys and girls unless prayer has real meaning for their own lives? And who is more responsible than parents for giving this guidance to their children?

Religious leaders and writers have also come to the aid of parents in the publication of pamphlets and books which deal with the religious growth and development of children. One book in this field has already been mentioned. Mary Alice Jones has given us another entitled, *Faith of Our Children,* which is equally as good. Others include *Opening the Door to God,* by Sweet, *Opening the Doors to Childhood,* by Sherrill, and *The Children We Teach,* by Whitehouse. A pamphlet, *Your Child Grows Toward God,* by Rosser is a much briefer presentation of "milestones along the way" in the religious growth of boys and girls. All of these contain chapters dealing with the development and growth of a child's understanding of and fellowship with God.

Coupled with these are also helpful books for the

(*Continued on page* 41.)

A Story by

JAMES WESLEY INGLES

ILLUSTRATION BY LESLIE BENSON



Then he saw it. He picked it up—his first novel!

COUNTRY AUCTION

THERE WON'T BE anything of value there, Carol," he said. "In *that* place," he added. "I can't see what you want to go to that country auction for."

"You never can tell, Clay," she said. "I've found things in the most unlikely places. The old pewter set, now. Do you remember where we picked it up? That awful Edwards place. You'd never have thought"

"If you buy much more china," he said, "we'll have to start a tearoom or something in the barn."

"Might not be a bad idea," she said, laughing merrily at him. "If you don't snap out of your slump, I may have to."

"Not so long as you can paint," he said grimly, without humor. He felt the weariness in his voice. He knew she was trying to draw him out of the dark mood into which he had fallen. He could no longer write. His creative imagination had dried up like a shallow well in a drought. He had tried to pump new ideas from it, but nothing would come. And he was miserable. A strange and awful apathy had begun to settle upon him so that what had once seemed a challenge of never-ending growth and delight had become a dead-end street—no, more like a pathless wood. He had lost his sense of direction. But he shouldn't allow his melancholy mood to affect Carol. She, at least, was still doing good work.

"All right," he agreed finally. "I'll drive over with you. But it's going to be hot," he warned.

IT WAS HOT. The auction was already under way, and the road approaching the house was already lined with parked cars when they arrived at the Peasley place. It was an old Cape Cod, with dark unpainted siding and rotting roof shingles gathering a green lichen on the north side. But it stood beneath giant elms and overlooked the winding river. He wanted to stop and enjoy the view.

"Come on," she said. "Let's hurry. They've started."

But she couldn't hurry him. He wasn't eager for this. He disliked auctions about as much as she loved them. Occasionally he allowed himself to be dragged along. And sometimes he had found something of value himself, and then Carol had kidded him about the pride he took in his bargain. Once in a while he had found a very old book whose value the auctioneer did not recognize, and he had picked it up for a quarter. But he didn't expect to find anything of that sort at the widow Peasley's place. She had lived alone during the last years of her life, he knew. And she had been very poor.

The house showed that. At one time it had been a "sightly" place, the neighbors said. But it had been allowed to run down until little now remained but the sagging barn, the shaky ell, and the firm gray house with its squat central chimney.

Carol was becoming more impatient, he could see, for they were putting up kitchen utensils for sale. The china would be next, probably.

The lanky auctioneer stood on a porch that leaned against the summer kitchen in the ell. His bookkeeper, a stout woman with a red face and quick-darting eyes, sat at a table near him. A growing crowd gathered in groups about the yard where tall grass had been hastily mowed with a scythe for the occasion. All the places in the shade had been taken.

Carol found a little heap of mowed grass and sat down. He got down beside her awkwardly and looked about him. Other summer people were there. You could tell by the way they dressed. He recognized a number of them and nodded. And there were many of the natives squatting in the sun or slouching in the shade against a tree or sitting on a box chewing grass.

The auctioneer had a voice that carried like a trumpet call.

Even So!

My neighbor brags
About her spouse,
Who does odd jobs
Around the house.

I've seen his work,
And so I nod:
The jobs he does
Are very odd!

INA SINGLETON STOVALL

"Now here," he said, "here is a *really* fine roaster . . ." He held up a dark blue enamelware pan and its cover. It was large enough to hold a big turkey. It had probably served many a Thanksgiving feast in the better days of that household. The thought deepened his melancholy. It was awful to see how the fortunes of men could change, how the vitality of the pioneer farmer could run out like the fertility of his land and end this way with a widow dying alone in a crumbling house.

The bidding had started on the roaster. Someone had offered a quarter.

"I want a half dollar," said the auctioneer in his stentorian voice that carried to the outer circle of the crowd. "Who'll give me half a dollar?"

Apparently nobody would. Someone offered him thirty-five cents. There was no higher bid, and it went to a buxom country woman for thirty-five cents.

Then he offered together some of the articles that had been left in the cupboard, the meager supply of staples that had not been needed: sugar, salt, tea, soap, syrup. A box of these things went for a dollar. A bag of flour for fifty cents.

When the kitchen utensils were gone, they began to bring out the china and glassware. The first of it seemed pretty poor stuff to Clayton Morris—pretty ordinary. He looked at his wife pityingly.

"I told you," he said. "There's nothing here."

"You can't tell," she said, with the incurable optimism of the auction fanatic. "There may be something wonderful. . . ."

"Well," he said, "do you mind if I go in and scout around a bit? Maybe I'll find something *wonderful* in there that would make it worth my sticking around," he said cynically.

"Sure," she said. "Go ahead. Look around."

HE WENT UP the shaky steps past the auctioneer and through the dark kitchen where a woman was preparing sandwiches to sell to those who had brought no lunch. There was a black iron stove on one side of her, where coffee was brewing, and a black iron

sink with a hand pump on the other side. Wood smoke had darkened walls and ceiling. The floor slid crazily off to one corner. One could see it had been scrubbed clean by repeated washings.

He passed through a narrow pantry, from which the dishes had been removed, to a dining room that had evidently been used as the living quarters by the last occupant. The furniture was nondescript: an oak table, chairs, a worn divan, an old radio. He did not see one valuable antique piece that would interest Carol.

There was another wood stove here. And there was a bookcase. He looked around for the books. They had been stacked in piles on a table and would probably be sold in lots of ten or a dozen.

Books always interested him. They told him something about the personality and interests of the people who had bought them. He could remember an auction where an aged man had lived alone and died alone, surrounded by stacks and stacks of jigsaw puzzles and piles of cheap books, pulp stories, and mysteries and adventure tales. Escape from the awful boredom of waiting for death in the wild imaginings of men who pounded out a million words a year. The thought suddenly struck him as ironical.

Here he was, stymied—unable to write one single inspired word. He had written pages of drivel lately, and had torn them up. But there were guys who made a living that way, just pouring the words out of a typewriter. Mass production. The old familiar formula. It would always work, and there would always be people to read that sort of stuff.

As he went over to the table loaded with books, he could hear someone moving in the adjacent rooms.

There were a few old leather-bound volumes, the leather worn like roughened wood and the paper yellow and stained with age. There were three volumes of an ancient history by Rollins. And there was a book entitled *Faber on the Prophecies.* He picked it up and opened it to the title page. It had been printed in New York in 1811. The title almost filled the page. "A Dissertation on the Prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled . . ."—and so it went for several lines. It was by the Reverend George Stanley Faber, vicar of Stockton on Tees. At the bottom of the page there was a text from the Book of Daniel: "Shut up the words, and seal the Book until the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." He was amused. That sounded like the twentieth century—many running to and fro and knowledge increased. He felt amused incredulity draw his lips into a smile. A ridiculous notion, the idea that some clairvoyant prophets could predict the course of history. He glanced through the book and put it down. It wasn't a first edition, he noticed. In any case, it wouldn't have any value.

There was a rather moth-eaten set of Shakespeare in three volumes, well printed but poorly bound. And there was the inevitable Bible, the black book, worn and falling apart from much reading.

And there were a few contemporary books, some fiction.

AND THEN HE saw it, a copy of his first novel—*The Vision Splendid,* by Clayton Morris.

He picked it up. It was dusty, and the original green cloth cover had faded. It looked cheap now, like any one of a thousand books in a secondhand bookstall selling for ten cents apiece. But he could remember how it had looked when it came to his apartment fresh from the bindery with its bright, glossy dust jacket. He could remember how eagerly he had fingered it, opening it with a strange satisfaction. His first book—dedicated to the memory of his mother.

He opened it now with a different sort of interest. Inside the cover someone (probably the widow Peasley) had written in a fine hand—"To Jim, with love, from Mother—Christmas, 1936."

It was a novel about the depression—about a man who had lost all of his material possessions and who had started over again at the bottom. And it was about his family, about his son who had helped him. It was a story of courage and faith and love, about people surmounting heartbreaking odds and triumphing because they had something fine within that they didn't lose when everything else went.

(*Continued on page* 44.)

Covered Bridge

Here by a shaded bridge, in another day,

Lovers walked hand in hand down the cool, dark way,

Whispering low, lest birds in the eaves should hear

And shatter the quiet dark, with their wings, in fear.

Here was the musty smell of the river's damp,

And a patch of sun at the end like a lighted lamp.

Barefoot, a boy could cling to the bridge's edge

To watch for a darting fish by the shady ledge;

And the only sound all day was the blackbird's tweet,

And the clop, on the wooden floors, of a horse's feet.

These memories linger from the long ago—

Ones that a swifter world will never know.

VIOLET EMSLIE OSLER

When yo

SO YOU HAVE decided that you are going to buy that favorite chil of yours a book! A book is the best gift without a doubt. The rea problem is *which* book to buy. Once in the bookstore you find yoursel confronted by shelf on shelf, table after table of big books, little book and inbetween books.

"Is that book a good one?" you ask yourself. "Is this one suitabl for Johnny? Will he like it?"

Do you remember the books of your own childhood? Do you remem ber how you all but climbed into the pictures; how you became the her and grappled with his problems, rejoiced in his victories? There i magic in a childhood book. Its cardboard covers are portals to nev adventures. It is not a thing apart from life, but rather life itself. A child and his book become one. Friendship Press, recognizing the im portant role of the book in the life of a child, has planned its book both to meet the child's need for excitement and beauty and to wide his experience by introducing him to boys and girls different from him self. The *Christian Herald* says "Give a Friendship Press book to a child and you give not only vivid entertainment but widened horizons."

Mother, father, aunt, grandpa or teacher, you will be happy to giv these attractive, engaging books. Church people will welcome the vivi picture of Christian life in other lands that many of the stories portray And as for the children—well, what could be better than a magi carpet? Here then are books that are friendly introductions to peopl in other parts of the world, shields against prejudice, stepping stone to understanding.

Let us imagine a Friendship Press bookshelf! You will find book many of them illustrated in color, for children of all ages and varying interests.

For the youngest there is the well-loved Nursery Series, books littl enough to be fun to hold and with a picture in color every time you turn the page. The simple text tells stories that children ask for again and again. Let us dip into a few.

"Just fancy, Ah Fu had never been inside a real house! He had lived all his five years on a boat," we read in *Ah Fu: The Chinese River Boy.* In this delightful story Ah Fu finds a playmate. As we open *Esa: A Little Boy of Nazareth,* we see Esa whispering into "one of the donkey's long smooth ears, 'I'm going to help Father make Baby a cradle!'" *Kembo: A Little Girl of Africa,* "so brown and bonny and just about as big as you," is an ideal Christmas present, as are *The Three Camels: A Story of India,* and the first of the Little Friendship Books series, *Rosita: A Little Girl of Puerto Rico.* "In Puerto Rico it is the three kings on their camels, instead of Santa, who traditionally ride across the world at Christmas time, bearing gifts to Children." As the story unfolds the magic and love of Christmas comes to Rosita.

For primary children, ages six to eight, there many books from which to choose.

In *The Watch-Goat Boy,* by Gertrude Jenness Rinden, you will discover that Johnny, the son of a missionary family in China, has a plan. If the plan is successful the Chinese goat boys will not call him "Long Nose" any more or "Fish Eyes" or, worst of all, "Foreigner." His parents are distressed to find him cutting up his brand new overalls so he can play with the tattered goat boys, but in the end you will happily

(*Continued on page* 38.)

ive a book

Give children books that will become their friends, helping them along the road to maturity

By BRENDA DICK



I LIVE IN TH

Taste of fresh-picked
strawberries, of juicy fried
chicken and new-baked
bread made from our own
wheat, children strong and
brown in the fresh air and
sunshine—these joys
far outweigh any difficulties
of country life



OUNTRY

By DORIS CLORE DEMAREE

I LIVE IN the country—and like it. I would be greatly disturbed were I to have to live anywhere else but in the country. All my life I have lived there. In fact, I was born in a farmhouse. I was married there. Our children were born in the country. Two of them were born in the same house in which their father was born, and his mother before him. We have lived on land originally granted by the government to our children's great-grandfather. We have lived on rented land and land we have owned ourselves. The acreages on which we have lived have ranged from more than a section of land to many acres.

To be sure I have known many of the hardships, and some of the discouraging and disheartening experiences that can come with rural living. Many times I have done the family wash by hand. For years I carried all the water for family use from a pump in a yard. I have spent many evenings reading or sewing by the light of kerosene lamps, and many winter days keeping warm by the side of a coal or wood stove or fireplace. I have seen drouth destroy our entire corn crop of more than one hundred acres. I have known the financial loss of the best horse and the best cow on the place. And I have seen our baby chickens die by the dozens.

But I have known the joys of the other side of the picture, too, and these joys far outweigh the bad side of country life. I have seen our country homes become completely modern. I have known the pride



of sending truckloads of fine fat hogs to the market, the taste of fresh picked strawberries and sweetcorn, of juicy fried chicken, and fresh-baked bread from flour made from our own wheat. I have known the aroma of honeysuckle and sweet clover, of country ham sizzling on the range, and of fresh wood smoke in the cool summer evenings. I have seen our children strong and brown in the fresh air and sunshine, with plenty of space for play and work.

In the country there is room to be yourself; the neighbors are not pushing you in the ribs from either side. There is quietness and room to breathe. One can see, and see, and see. Our present home is at the top of a hill sloping to the south and east. Across the black-top highway to the northwest is our nearest neighbor. To the north are other neighbors, the nearest a good city block away. To the east and south our windows look out across acres and acres of lush farmland, an ever-changing scene as the seasons come and go. God seems very near to us as we sit on summer evenings watching the sunset glow from the west touching all the earth with its beauty. No matter how hectic the day may have been as we sit there we find peace and rest and the benediction of the Eternal.

In the country one can catch the first faint rumbling of the coming storm and there one has a box seat for watching the boiling clouds seething ever nearer, the flashing of the lightning more spectacular and beautiful than any man-made spectacle of exploding lights. Then, as the winds and the rains come we catch their splendor, too. And as we watch we know, "God is not dead, nor doth he sleep," for we see him in the mighty wonders of his universe.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." In the country we are aware of God's continuing creativity, too. Everywhere we are made aware of God's miracle of life. The seeds we plant, water, and tend, produce in abundance. As the seasons pass, the bare branches put forth leaves, flowers, and fruit. The animals conceive and produce others of their kind. "While the earth remaineth" we always shall be aware of this miracle and in the country we work to help make it so.

WE CONTINUALLY find ourselves in partnership with God. With our hands and tools we prepare the ground for the sowing of the seed. We work and watch and study to continually find better ways to care for the plants that they may produce the highest quality and the greatest quantity. So it is with the production of the fruit of the tree and of the vine. So it is with the production and feeding of the farm animals. We are partners with God the Creator. "The earth is full of his riches." In all these manifestations of life we truly realize his providence.

And we become partners with God the Producer by helping to produce and distribute food. Were it not for this fact many more would be starving today. When hungry people are fed, their food is the product of energy and effort put forth by those who live in the country. Others may have a part, but basically it is the rural person who produced the food. It is his hands that reach out to feed the hungry wherever they may be—Korea, India, Germany, Japan—it matters not where.

. . . on the first day of school: a Dexter, Ga., child said to his mother: "We didn't stay long today. The teachers just came in for a few minutes to get used to us."

from the NEA Journal

The rural section of our land is the place, too, for growing children. There is room for them to grow without being stunted in any way, physically, emotionally, mentally, or spiritually. Young bodies can stretch themselves climbing hills and trees, and strengthen themselves with humble worth-while tasks that also can develop attitudes and habits of cooperation, understanding, and loving kindness basic to a world of brotherhood. There it is easy to help the child grow close to God; to live abundantly.

A few months ago one of our secular magazines contained an article with many fine pictures showing how one American city was making available for the children not only a place to play, but also plots of earth for gardens, and used lumber for building shacks according to the needs and plans for each child. And this is good. In the country one finds these opportunities right at hand. What country child has never built a house in the crotch of a tree, or a hideaway under the eaves of the barn, with a trapdoor and perhaps a rope ladder for secrecy and charm? What country child has never dug and planted his own small garden at the same time the father is planting the family garden? Oh, in the country such opportunities are only limited by the child's imagination and the type of materials available.

On the farm there are tasks for every member of the family, not "made work" but real tasks, from the time the child is barely more than a toddler and can take a drink of water to his dad in the field, or carry the mail in from the box at the gate, or feed the dog, or any one of dozens of possible tasks, till he is old enough to do his share of the important work that must be done. Family solidarity, family cooperation, security, dependability, trustworthiness, stick-to-itiveness are all much easier to develop in the country where the setting is ideal for building right attitudes, and for developing muscles and creative skills.

In the country there is room to be yourself. If you want to lie in the sun and watch the humming birds flit from blossom to blossom no one cares—no one gets curious. If you want to be alone—there is room. If you want companionship the neighbors are always glad for you to drop in for a friendly chat

(*Continued on page* 41.)

when son has a date

JIM IS worried tonight. He isn't saying a word, but a parent's practiced eye should tell you he's in a real stew. Standing there in front of the mirror it's plain to anyone that his fumbling fingers are only fiddling with his tie. That four-in-hand obviously isn't going to pan out. If you asked him right this moment, he couldn't tell whether he is tying his splashy Christmas present, or his shoestring.

And all over a girl!

Tonight he's having his first date. Remember how you felt? Or was it so long ago you've forgotten your panic, your misgivings, your knocking knees? To others it might not seem so important, this matter of taking out that lively, bright-eyed girl he had so much fun with at the school picnic. But to Jim it's a do-or-die business, and in prospect he's sure he's going to die.

In looking ahead to this evening his feelings have suffered more ups and down than a flapjack; the questions that have been batting around in his mind have made his head swim. He wonders whether he's taking her to the right place. What can they possibly find to talk about? Will his slender allowance stretch far enough to cover the whole evening? What will he have to say to her father and mother when he calls?

There are a few things you might have told him, Dad. He's about ready to go now, and you can't saddle him at the last minute with a load of do's and don'ts. This thing has hit you and Jim, a bit sooner than you thought it would. You kind of took it for granted he was always going to be a freckled little cub, with stick-out ears, a snub nose, and a crew-cut. But now it's happened: Jim is growing up. Look at him, Dad! Sixteen, and as tall as you.

Well, it's not too late. Jim will have to muddle through this first date with very little coaching from the sidelines, but one of these days you might talk about what's worrying him. Of course you can't feed counsel to him in vast chunks; gobs of advice would only make him gag. But when you have your next outing with him, you could give some prompting on this matter of dating. That's a better way than hovering near with commandments just before he leaves to call for the girl.

Maybe you're a little doubtful about your ability to tell Jim much of anything. Times have changed. You feel you're out of step. When you listen to some of the recordings he and his friends most admire, you feel you're out of tune. But you will have to do your best.

(*Continued on page* 40.)



There are a few things you might have told him, Dad. Maybe you're doubtful about your ability—you feel you're out of step—but you'll have to do your best

By WALTER L. COOK



More than kisses,

letters mingle souls,

For thus friends

absent speak.

—JOHN DONNE

ARE YOU ONE of the cynics who scorn the observance of special days for sending cards of sentiment? Have cards for Christmas, New Year's, Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Easter, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Children's Day, Independence Day, Graduation Day, Baby's birthday, Grandma's golden wedding day, Rev. What's - His - Name's ordination wearied you to the limit of your patience? Is it because it costs money and time and seems like a racket?

Let's not be cynical! Family ties and friendship bonds are supremely important, and they should be closely guarded. Card reminders of our thoughts and love for each other are, after all, comparatively inexpensive methods of keeping vital lifelines strong and healthy. Once the family lifeline of love frays or is cut, the mending of it will never be a simple matter. Though skillful, painstaking "splicing" can make the snapped line strong once more, it is better to keep the lines of communication unbroken and constantly flowing.

As a mother of four children—three married and one at college—I keep lifelines thrown out to them all. Except for prayer, the longest and strongest of these lifelines is the continuous stream of letters which we write one another. Never will I forget the days when the children, one by one, packed off to prep school or college. The pangs of loneliness and the absence of the youngsters, dashing in and out of the house, sent me to my desk, determined to write news of home life and warm words of love to the absentees from the home circle.

The parents who have tended so carefully every need and activity of the one-time fledglings—"Have you finished your egg?" "Did you drink your milk?" "Wear your mittens," "Brush your teeth," "Have you said your prayers?"—cannot fail to feel the awful loneliness of vacant chairs at the table. When the last name tag has been sewn to the undies or jackets or sweaters and the trunk

MAINTAIN YOUR FAMILY LIFE LINES

By RACHEL S. BROWNE

has been finally hoisted to the shoulders of the expressman, then come the sudden sharp pains of loneliness and the awakening of a strange new sadness. The inevitable break from the family has come. "Job's comforters" watch from the porch, and say, "Once they go to college they never come back!" Little brothers and sisters do grow up and become individuals in the faraway world. God bless 'em!

How very important, then, are the letters to and from each member of the family! Mother, of course, writes most often; Dad can spare time to write only occasionally; Sister pampers the one who is away with breezy notes on pretty paper; Brother is frankly neglectful, for although he loves deeply, he hates a show of sentiment and writes seldom. However, by hook or by crook, the family letters do get to each other — sometimes passed along round-robin style, thus keeping that family lifeline strong with affection.

I recall once, when through the general rush of life and new interests, the lifeline of our scattered family seemed to be weakening, and letters became less frequent. The family members had moved on to new and seemingly more important concerns, and thus slowed down on regular letter writing to each other, particularly to the "baby" sister in college, who, doubtless was being coddled by doting parents! The other children had new responsibilities in homes of their own, which were quite enough to manage; birthdays and Christmases were still times in the family to be remembered as usual. The longing to see each other was there, but great distances or flattened purses prevented family reunions, and juicy, fat letters gave way to brief notes.

Then one day, without warning, the college sister became deathly ill. An alert was sent out to each family member: "Little sister is at death's door; will you pray for her?" Like an electric shock, love, and tenderness, anxiety and remorse all rushed to show concern. The family was borne up on a sweeping tide of unity, loyalty, and understanding; the old-time family bonds were instantly linked together through this heartbreaking experience. The telephone wires tingled. The homestead mailbox was bulging with letters in the old familiar handwriting: "What can I do to help, Dad?" or, "Here's a little something to lift the financial burden, Mother; tell me what else I can do."

As the days of medical treatment dragged by, not only letters warmed each other's hearts and brought courage, but a fresh circle of prayer was established. What had always before been a "habit" in family life, now became a vivid reality; God himself, as the Father, listened to his children, and answered them in his own way. Letters brought courage and hope to all to believe that "the fervent, effective prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Twelve noon was agreed upon as a golden hour of prayer. Friends joined, and even the stationmaster asked to be included in the magic circle. A stunning blow transformed what might have become a cooling family interest into a flaming love for each other and for God. The family correspondence was strengthened and the silver cord of family prayer and faith was woven with stronger strands.

Once again the family love goes out with yearning to those going into military service. Stouthearted

darlings, all! Can we fail to satisfy that plea in their eyes when mail time rolls around at camp? Letters! How hearts may be lifted to grapple with tough duties, inspired by love, letter-borne from homes! Recent snapshots, hometown newspaper clippings, church bulletins or jokes pack a hearty laugh or spark a cherished memory. Best loved may be a box of cookies or a cake or some doughnuts; no one gets over the thrill of a surprise package. *The Secret Place* may be tucked in for good measure.

Letters must not stop when a child chooses a partner and starts a new home. No matter how happy the going away may be, the day will come when the new bride will need the assurance from her family that she is still a member of "the old home gang." Of course, her Joe is the most wonderful and the most important person in her life, yet her own family roots remain, and she will miss each early companionship. She must be able to tell all the wonderful things about her husband, and will look anxiously for letters of response from the home folks about him. Each child feels the same, and for a little while there will not be much sentimental regard for the rest of the family; that will return in time. Warm understanding and genuine intimacy will pay well in days ahead.

What fun it is, too, to correspond with grandchildren! My older granddaughter is a Brownie Scout and I assure you, to be a Scout is a real matter! It costs money to buy a nice trim uniform, but a Brownie can learn to cook things good enough to serve at supper, and she can be helpful around the house too—dusting, hanging out some of the washing, taking care of small brother, making her own bed and oh, lots of things. Besides eating those luscious strawberries from the garden, she can help weed the plants. Now, how in the world do I know all this? Why, Patsy and I write letters to each other. Every once in a while I receive a small, painstakingly written envelope with a chatty letter inside, telling me the news of her mother and daddy and Bobby and the dog, "Only we don't have him anymore, Grandma, because Mother gets the sniffles, just like you." Third-grade doings of great consequence bring back memories of my own third grade, when the boy beside me brought me butterscotch balls! At Christmas time Patsy and Bobby and their parents came to our house to help us make merry. Many arrangements of secrecy were planned through our letters to Patsy, so the greatest fun and surprise would result when Santa Claus arrived.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

Horace Mann.

Recently I opened an envelope from California and found a very funny valentine from my wee doll of a granddaughter, who had just learned to print her own name—"BUNNY." She and I correspond regularly. I have special paper to use when writing to my small fry and I print every word plainly. To illustrate some special sentences, I draw pictures, and on the envelope I often follow my return address with a laughing moon, just for fun. Back come answers in zigzag scribbles, but it is very plain to me what has been said and described, so I answer, in printed fashion, the questions and chatter that I have "read." Although we see each other but seldom, it is through letters, often containing recent snapshots, that we keep warm love for each other, and never feel distant or shy when we do meet.

Almost anyone can draw, at least enough to show how a thing is supposed to look. That is what "our tribe" does when a new hat or a dress or a piece of furniture is the current bit of excitement. I'll admit that most of my illustrations are hilariously funny or complete mysteries, but that makes letters more interesting and definite bonds. Letters made up of cut-outs from magazines is a gay way to show a spirit of fun, especially to one who is invalided, as it occupies his mind in figuring it out. I find pictures of animals or pretty people or funny characters or birds or flowers or maybe a fairy tale incident and put them in the places of words or phrases in the letter, and the letter becomes a game.

Photography as a hobby can be a powerful and vivid line of communication. Skill can easily be acquired, and modern cameras make an amateur look like a master of the trade. Black and white snapshots, movies, and kodachrome slides make exciting contacts and keep a growing record of the family activities and progress. Soon a treasure chest is full of pictures, showing children and grandchildren in their own homes, laughing, playing, swimming, eating, or motoring. At Thanksgiving, Christmas, or on anniversaries what picture showings can be held!

Then too, the recording machines now available make it possible to get a good supply of voice or instrumental recordings of family talent. A special album of these can be kept, and all the scattered members of the family, although absent, can come into the parents' living room, talking, singing, or performing on an instrument. When we make a recording, we make five of the same one, that each child and we may have one.

So also the telephone and the telegraph are miraculous means of keeping the family lifeline in good repair, and bringing that personal touch of love to each other. Time is so fleeting and love is so compelling, let us not suppress our opportunities on special days to send that message of appreciation or affection. Who knows?—that very message may bolster the fainting spirit of the one so dear, at a crucial time, known only to the reader—a message from God himself.

FACTS AND FIGURES ON THE FUNERAL

By LEONARD H. PRENTICE

A minister's frank discussion of the financial aspects of funeral arrangements

THESE ARE DAYS when we speak frankly of many things which but a few years ago were considered taboo. The funeral is one of these avoided subjects, but we believe that in this enlightened age we might even dare to write of that.

Being a minister, I have frequent occasion to be in the presence of death. While my real interest is to make sure that those leaving this life are prepared for eternity, I am constantly reminded that the ones left behind are helpless and confused. At such a time as this, when the bewildered "nearest of kin" are barely qualified to carry on the ordinary work of life because of emotional strain, it is demanded of them that they make decisions in fields where they have had no experience, and the load is frequently greater than they are able to bear.

Death is not a pleasant subject. Perhaps it is because of this that so few give the matter any previous consideration. It is usually the thing which we do not understand that we fear the most, and the fact that we have closed our minds to thoughts of anything related to death makes the strain all the greater when we come face to face with its problems.

When death strikes in the home it is rather late to decide wisely upon an undertaker. What happens is often something like this: The yellow section of the telephone directory is turned to and a beautiful ad strikes the eye which reads, "A Lovely Funeral, $60.00 and up." We begin thinking somewhat after this fashion, "If *any* kind of a funeral can be purchased for $60.00 then with double that amount I should get something pretty good."

The funeral director is then called and the body removed to the mortuary. It is not until the next morning at the ten o'clock conference with the mortician that the rude awakening comes. The $60.00 casket is shown us reluctantly and we turn away quickly with a sick feeling. Even the $200.00 one is so crude in appearance that it is far from acceptable. We end up by buying a $450.00 casket, a $200.00 cemetery lot, and paying $35.00 for a blanket of flowers.

Now these amounts are not out of line, but for those who are wholly inexperienced and have been misled by questionable advertising, they conclude that they are being "taken for a ride." To change morticians now, they feel, would dishonor their loved one, so they pay the bill but are inwardly resentful.

The fact of the matter is that we have been charged a standard price and probably could have done little better elsewhere. If we knew in advance that many funerals run from $500.00 to $1,000.00 we would be much more happy with our purchase. The national average of funeral expense, by the way, is said to be slightly over $400.00.

In fairness to those who advertise a low priced funeral, it should be said that while a $60.00 funeral is an impossibility yet, when requested, these companies will actually go through with the transaction although it means a dollars and cents loss to them of about $150.00. Many companies even have a policy of never turning a person away because of lack of

funds, although in some instances it means footing the entire bill. These losses are simply chalked up to advertising.

Overselling is not the exception in the funeral service, in fact many customers even oversell themselves. People are grief stricken. They are not in a physical or mental condition to make an intelligent decision and they have the feeling that this is the only thing they can do for their departed loved one. A few morticians actually encourage their clients to make a cheaper purchase. This takes strength of character that is seldom found in other lines of business. When, for instance, have we seen a car dealer urging a prospect to make a cheaper selection than the one he has set his choice on?

A funeral should be in keeping with the departed person's station in life. A King Tut funeral on the salary of a dime-store clerk is hardly logical. Many people have had their first limousine ride at a funeral service, and after that costly hour of splurging and splendor have gone back to the old tenament to pay back those dollars by the penny.

A little study of these problems now, while the mind is clear and untroubled, will prove of inestimable value when that tragic hour comes. Why not sit down now and in a few quiet moments decide what the wise steps would be in the event of death?

The first consideration is spiritual. Have I made all the preparation I wish to make concerning the eternal state of my soul? The second consideration should relate to the well-being of those who are left behind. Is my will in proper condition? Is my insurance adequate? Are there things which I wish my loved ones to know before I leave? Is my bank account so arranged that those left behind would have immediate access to the necessary funds? What about funeral insurance?

A great deal of funeral insurance is being sold today. It has proved to be a real boon to many, but we would urge those buying such insurance to make sure they know exactly what they are getting, for we have seen cases where the insured was misled to believe that a fine funeral had been provided for when in truth, as we later saw, the casket included was not at all acceptable.

The mortician, the casket, and the burial lot or vault also present questions that are worthy of advance consideration.

It would be wise to observe, at the next funerals you attend, something of the director, noting especially his methods and equipment. If possible avoid selecting one with too large a business for such funerals are often conducted on an assembly-line basis. In such a place a mimeographed sheet is printed each day showing the time and place of each funeral. Everything must go like clockwork for time is limited, and woe to the minister who has an extra word to say, or the loved one who wishes another moment with the dead.

To intelligently select a casket it is only necessary to visit the display room in the mortuary. The attendant will not be shocked at your request and in most instances you will find a card on each casket giving the complete cost of the funeral (except grave, clothing, and flowers) when using that particular casket.

Most caskets look alike when closed with the exception of the flat-topped and the square-cornered "State." The half-couch design adds to a casket's attractiveness, but is an expensive addition in view of the brief time it is open to be seen. The extra cost of this item runs about $35.00.

A great variety of the more costly caskets is also offered, including the beautiful full-couch model

—Concerning a Prodigal

Common Sense said: "Let him suffer;
Firmly let the black ox tread."

Grace said: "If he comes I'll give him
Welcome, yes, with board and bed."

Long stood Kindness in the doorway,
Hoping he might chance to pass.

Love went after him to world's end,
Barefoot over broken glass.

JULIA W. WOLFE

A good storyteller is a person who has a good memory and hopes other people haven't.

Irving Cobb.

which gives the appearance of the body lying upon a lovely couch. In all, prices generally run from about $250.00 to $1,200.00 with a few prices as high as $10,000.00. It should be borne in mind, however, that this includes the removal of the body to the mortuary, embalming, composing, reposing room, limousines, hearse, motorcycle escort, and the conducting of the funeral. Adding to this the cost of the casket, it can easily be seen that the funeral is far from being all profit to the undertaker. In fact most morticians have an actual cost through depreciation of expensive equipment and the maintenance of their staff and other costs of at least $150.00 on every funeral, entirely apart from the cost of the casket.

Contrary to popular belief, caskets are not cheaply made. Materials and workmanship are the best and the skilled craftsmen who are employed have a pride in their work equal in many cases to the makers of musical instruments. There may, however, be some exceptions to this rule, for I was told by one factory manager that some small competitive manufactures use a very low grade of lumber and even tack cardboard over the knot holes. This could easily be found by asking the undertaker to open the casket and pull back the floor covering, which he will be more than happy to do if his merchandise is good. It is doubtful that this practice is prevalent for in the several factories visited only the best quality of redwood was used, even for the county cases. Redwood is far superior to other kinds of woods for this particular purpose due to its unusual ability to withstand the destructive effect of moisture.

The next choice to be made is related to the interment of the body. Three types are offered; interment in a cemetery, placing in a vault in a mausoleum, and cremation.

If a cemetery is chosen a lot must be purchased, and many wisely buy a family plot long in advance of its need. The "Memorial Park" type of cemetery is rapidly gaining in popularity. Unsightly tomb stones are not permitted, the grave being marked by a small bronze plate set flush with the ground and the result is a beautiful park of rolling green with a cheerful rather than a depressing atmosphere.

In the crowded cities where burial space is at a premium, mausoleums are available. This provides for perpetual care of beautiful crypts placed in marble halls that are almost breath taking in their splendor. This is the most expensive form of burial with the lowest priced crypts (usually near the ceiling) costing something like $250.00 and others running as high as $4,000.00.

For those desiring a vault, a very fine sealed cement vault for use in a cemetery burial can be purchased in some localities for as little as $60.00. In some ways this has advantages over the mausoleum, for earthquakes cannot damage it and at least one make provides a unique osmotic action which permits moisture to leave the vault but will not allow it to enter.

Cremation, on the other hand, is less expensive and is being used more and more in the crowded metropolitan areas. This is a reduction of the body by intense heat to a handful of ashes, and the costs usually run about $40.00 for the use of the crematory. The moderately priced urns for the ashes cost from $10.00 to $50.00.

In the event of death in the family the first wise thing to do is to call your minister. He has had a great deal of experience in these matters and is anxious to help you in this difficult experience. If you have no church affiliation do not hesitate to call the minister of your choice nevertheless. It will not be considered an imposition and he will be able to give you real help.

With consideration given in advance to the details, the funeral service may be a real comfort to those who remain.

The Dirt Chaser

Junior's fast at getting grimy—

Why, in hardly any time, he

Has his visage and his pudgy

Hands appearing dark and smudgy.

Mother, his disgruntled viewer,

Calls the little rascal to her,

And, expressing disapproval,

Works awhile on dirt-removal.

Freshly polished, Junior trudges

Off in quest of bigger smudges!

RICHARD J. WHEELER

OF COURSE kids like me!" you tell yourself. "Didn't Cousin Margaret's baby come to me when he wouldn't go to any of the other relatives? And don't I treat the neighborhood bunch to ice cream cones?"

It's true, very few of us are such ogres that children actively dislike us—though almost every neighborhood has at least one grumpy resident on whose lawn the gang treads in mortal fear. Yes, let's do grant that we are not mean persons, that we do try to be nice to boys and girls, that we welcome their friendship.

How many of us win that friendship? A child's friendship is marked by trust, confidence, sharing secrets and jokes, and a lighting up of eyes just at being near the favored one. Do you bring that light into a child's eyes, or are you just Robbie's mother or father? Do children really and deeply like you?

To answer that question, it is necessary to ask some more:

"Do you make your children's friends feel that you're glad they've come to your house, or do you say the minute the door is closed, 'Now, go right to the basement to play and don't mess things up'?

"Do you say on summer evenings, 'You children go play on a vacant lot somewhere—I've had a hard day.'

"Do you sometimes gather your child and his friends around and read to them?

"Do you ever say, 'Sure, deal me a hand—I'll play flinch with you.'

"Do you scold your child and his playmates for every bit of misbehavior?

"Do you run out to settle every argument in your back yard playground?

"Do you blame the neighbor child instead of your own before you find out all the facts?

"Do you say things either in fun or temper to a child that you wouldn't say to an adult?"

But you protest as your conscience prods you on some of these points, "I have a lot of work to do. I do get tired. Children need to learn to behave. The neighbor's children usually *are* to blame. Anyway, children don't hold things against you—they're so forgiving."

Of course you have work to do. But what work is more important than helping your child and his friends to grow in good sportsmanship, happy companionship and cooperativeness? That doesn't mean constant intrusion on their play—it simply means genuine interest, kindliness and patience. This companionableness with small children pays off years later when they are adolescents and the gang chooses to congregate at your house. Then you're glad to know where they are.

The worst answer you can give your conscience is that "children don't hold things against you—they are so forgiving." Within their own family, yes. Robbie and Sue overlook scolding, punishment and impatience from their parents because they know that in spite of momentary anger Mother and Daddy do love them. They can trust them. They feel secure. But outside the family, it's different. They are prone to judge Mrs. Smith or Mr. Brown on some unpleasant incident and to hold it forever against her or him.

Of course, you know that is just Mrs. Smith's way—that she flies off and says things she doesn't mean. You forgive her, because you realize that underneath her faults basically she is a well-meaning woman.

A child has no such maturity of judgment. Mrs. Smith is mean.

Even *one* such incident can change a child's previous good opinion of an adult. When our older boy was about ten years old he and a playmate took advantage of the D's absence from home to litter up their back steps and daub the window. Another neighbor observed the prank and reported it to the D's. In justifiable irritation Mr. D. called us and we agreed that our Al should make restitution by performing a chore. Since Mr. D's yard needed cutting, he suggested that the two pranksters come down and mow it.

Friendship is an equal thing—whether among children or adults. Trust, confidence, sharing are its rewards. How many can claim the friendship of children?

Do you



hild's friends like you?

By FRANCES DUNLAP HERON

The grass was high, the lawn mower dull. When Al showed momentary hesitation, Mr. D shook his fist and warned, "Your dad said you should do whatever I told you." As the two boys perspiringly struggled with the lawn mower, Mr. D called laughingly to his neighbor, "Look at my concentration camp!"

Al never has forgotten the humiliation of that experience. Six years later he still can say no good thing about Mr. D or any of his family—even though no other unpleasant relationship has occurred.

Some adults have another mistaken idea—that they can buy children's friendship with candy or a big party once a year. What children crave is all-the-year warm, personal interest, even-tempered tolerance, good-natured joking. They recognize genuine simplicity and comradeship. You can't "put on" with them.

Nor should you wish to. For the returns you get from their friendship will far outweigh what you give. Keeping in touch with the faith, frankness and naturalness of childhood provides a tonic for the adult mind and soul. The feeling of self-confidence and uplift you get when a youngster singles you out and calls across the street, "Hi, Mr.—or Mrs.—Blank!" can brighten a dull day. The increased understanding of children that comes from sharing experiences with them keeps you young in spirit and enables you better to meet the problems of your own Sue and Robbie.

Finally, you grow in the respect and admiration of your own offspring. There's nothing that so sets up Sue or Robbie as to have a young friend exclaim, "Your Mom and Dad are swell!"

OUT OF TH

ONE MORNING while mother was busy in the kitchen, Donald, who was usually very quiet, was being very noisy. He sang, he talked loudly, he nearly yelled. It was rather disturbing to Mother, who was trying to measure accurately, so she called, "Do you have to be so noisy, Donald?"

"Sure," was the answer, "I have to. I'm making a joyful noise unto the Lord."

Surprised at such an answer, Mother murmured, "Well, so you are." Sometime later she remembered the book she had brought home for him from the church convention. One of his favorite pictures showed a group of children, both black and white, singing and playing instruments with the expressions of radiant joy only children's faces can show. The opposite page began with the verse "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord."

The book had been read very often and, although put aside for sometime, had left impressions that came finally to the expression from the little boy.

During the summer a family vacation trip was taken just over the state line into Wisconsin, where the famed dairy herds were quietly grazing on the rounded green hillsides. Turning from the scene of perfect peace to his mother and father, as he sat between them on his high box, Donald said, " 'The Lord is my shepherd'; help me to say that, Daddy." No more perfect comment could have been made about the picture before them, so the entire family recited it together. Except that the picture in his book showed sheep instead of cows, the scene was the same as the one in Donald's book on the page opposite the Twenty-third Psalm.

Before Christmas his older sister was practicing the psalm as a musical reading to be given at the church program. Donald stood by the piano and in a short while recited the entire psalm. He had heard it so many times that it was a part of his memory horde of verses. Of his own accord he decided it should be recited nightly as a part of his bedtime devotions with "Now I Lay Me," "The Lord's Prayer," and "God bless. . ."

If one book could be as valuable a treasure for time and eternity in the mind of one small boy, how can parents say that books cost too much? Parents who think little of the dribble of money constantly being spent for gum, candy, ice cream, or comic books often feel they cannot afford books. A conscientious

The child who has,

through literature,

the opportunity to

enrich his imagination,

forge his vocabulary,

develop his powers

of reasoning, is

the child who will

likely be most

sensitive to worship

experiences and

readily relate them

to his daily life

OUTHS OF BABES



By CHRISTIE MONSON

effort in keeping track of such expenditures over a period of time is evidence enough that a few good books on birthdays, for Christmas, and as souvenirs of trips or special occasions will build a library that will give richness beyond all measure.

THESE CAN be supplemented by magazines or papers. It is a thrill for any child to hear his question "Any mail for me?" answered with "Yes, your paper came. Let's hurry with the dishes so you can read it." Nothing quite takes the place of mail in one's own name.

Mothers with full schedules for busy families will find the few moments spent each day listening or reading to children well repaid. Older children can read to the younger ones. Dishes can be scalded and drained, plastic mats used at the table, and short cuts that do not interfere with family health and well-being can be used to gain more time for telling stories, reading books, discussing pictures, or helping children memorize verses during the years when receptive minds make the task so much easier than later.

When the second grader gets up earlier than anyone else on a Saturday morning to read his book by himself, and when daughter makes the choice of a good magazine as her gift rather than the fur and muff set her friends are getting, you know a lifetime habit has been established that will build an abundant life.

Outdoor Church

The out-of-doors is like a church;
The ceiling the blue sky;
The aisles the rows of lovely trees,
That stand so straight and high.

The carpet is the soft, green grass,
With flowers here and there;
The singing choir—the happy birds:
The carols fill the air.

The windows are the sunset sky,
Stained red and gold and blue.
I feel God's love around me here
In outdoor church, don't you?

—Ellen E. Fraser[1]

Our Dear Church

Our dear church was built
With love and work and prayer,
So that all the neighbors
Might find welcome there.

—Author Unknown

God's Church

Our church is such a lovely place,
With windows like soft-colored lace,
And with a ceiling far and high
All spread out like our roof of sky.

They have the sweetest music there,
Such pleasant talk and quiet prayer.
I know I like God's holy day,
And in his church I like to pray.

—Frances McKinnon Morton[2]

Prayer

Dear God, thank you for our church. Thank you for all the people who help in the work of the church. Help us to find ways to share in the life of our church. Amen.

[1]From *Sing, Children, Sing.* Copyright 1939 by Edith Lovell Thomas. Used by permission.

[2]From *Story World.* Used by permission of The American Baptist Publication Society.

WORSHIP IN THE



with You

THANK YOU,

It is recorded in Luke that when Jesus was a baby, Mary and Joseph took him to the te "to do for him according to the custom of law."

—Luke 2:2

The significance of this act for us today seem be in Mary and Joseph's belief in the import of doing as soon as possible everything which w contribute to a right relationship of the chil God. Though we have no actual account of childhood of Jesus, we are confident that he tended the synagogue school regularly and to services of worship.

When he was twelve years old, you remem he went with his parents to Jerusalem. Ther became separated from them. They searched out and found him in the temple "sitting an the teachers, listening to them and asking t questions."

—Luke 2:4

We have a still later account of his freq visits to the synagogue.

"And he came to Nazareth, where he had brought up; and he went to the synagogue, as custom was, on the sabbath day. And he s up to read."

—Luke 4:1

These references in the accounts of the lif Christ give us a pattern to follow in meeting obligations and opportunities which we have in Christian nurture of our own children.

If the church is important in our own lives, likely to be important in the lives of our child Children are quick to sense attitudes. If b in church on Sunday morning is more impor than sleeping late after a busy Saturday even our children will be aware of this.

"Now you are the body of Christ and indi ually members of it. And God has appointe the church first apostles, second prophets, t teachers, then workers. . ."

—1 Corinthians 12:27-2

Children



OUR CHURCH

ıere are tasks in the church for all who are ng to serve. The manner in which we, as nts, accept responsibilities and tasks of service influence, perhaps unconsciously, our children. e accept a responsibility cheerfully and, when- possible, include the younger members of our ly in the project, the happy experience will the children to want to participate in larger greater services.

ıe attitudes we display in church will be ob- ed by our children also. The concern we have its beauty and cleanliness, the reverence we in the service of worship, the way we par- ate in song and in prayer, the spirit in which ive our tithes and offerings, the welcome we ıd to strangers and visitors, the friendliness display toward each other, all of these and y others, reflect our feelings toward the church ı more than anything we say. In many cases, eelings will be mirrored in the attitudes of our lren toward the church.

is often easy to feel a concern and be active ıe work of the church at home, but it may be ult for the needs of other churches to be alized. As the sea that has no outlet became lead'' sea, so a local church with no outreach ot long survive. Let us not forget the wider ch even as we serve our local church and

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.''
—Psalm 100:4.

ildren often get the idea that the church be- s to adults. It belongs to children, too. It is important that they feel they belong now. lace of their own; happy times at church; dly relationships with the minister, sexton, ers and others; a familiarity with the build- stories, prayers and songs they understand all help to make them feel a part of the church make the church become the vital part of their it should be. It is hoped that the poems, ers and songs on this page will guide you and children in thoughts about your church.

We Give Thee Thanks, O God

For the church, to us so dear,
For the church bells ringing clear,
For all churches far and near,
We give thee thanks, O God.

For thy tender love and care,
For thy work in which we share,
For sincere and honest prayer,
We give thee thanks, O God.

For the music, soft and sweet,
For the old friends that we greet,
For the new friends that we meet,
We give thee thanks, O God.

In the churches, large and small,
In the churches, low and tall,
In the churches, one and all,
We give thee thanks, O God.

—Juanita Purvis

"I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord."

—Psalm 122:1

Our Church

Our church proclaims God's love and care
To all who work and worship there,
Who sing together hymns of praise,
And prayers of glad thanksgiving raise.

Her hands reach out in service through
Kind, helpful deeds that Christians do
To show God's children of every land
The world of love that He has planned.

Gladly we come our praise to sing,
And gifts of friendly service bring;
We, too, would know God's love and care,
And work and joy with others share.

—Mabel Niedermeyer[3]

We have a happy time, a happy time at church.
We have a happy time, a happy time at church.
We are glad for our church.
We are glad for our church.
Thank you, God.[4]

[3]Copyright 1940 by Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Used by permission.

[4]Nursery Song. From *Learning in the Nursery Class*, Eva B. McCallum, Bethany Press, 1944.

PINK BREAD

It was the most

delicious thing in

the whole world,

Broken Arrow thought

BROKEN ARROW'S house looked like a very big box set upside down on the dusty ground. But the box was not made of wood. It was made of mud bricks, baked hard in the sun which shone nearly all year there. The flat roof worked well enough, because in New Mexico it did not rain often.

Broken Arrow thought it a very fine house. It had a door painted bright blue and the frames of the windows were yellow. It was one of the best houses in the village.

It was a beautiful house inside, too. Broken Arrow's father had painted pictures of Indians and animals all around the walls. Broken Arrow's mother had woven bright-colored blankets to sit upon and sleep under. There were neither beds nor tables nor chairs in the house, but Broken Arrow and his father and mother and little sister did not miss them. They sat on the floor and slept on the floor and squatted on the floor when they ate.

The only things in the house which we would call furniture were three fine big painted chests at one end of the room. This was where Broken Arrow's mother kept dried corn.

"Bring me some red corn from the chest," Broken Arrow's mother told the little boy one afternoon. "I will make *piki* bread for our supper." Willow Branch, Broken Arrow's mother, did not say it just that way, for instead of English she spoke in the language of the Pueblo Indians.

Nearly everyone in the village talked in that language, because everyone in the village was an Indian. Even the schoolteacher, who had been away to college, and spoke English as well as anybody, used the Pueblo tongue when she talked to her neighbors. Many of the old people did not know English, though all the school children were learning it.

"*Piki* bread! Pink bread!" Broken Arrow said joyfully. "That's the bread I like best of all. Lots better than the white flour bread you bake in the big brick oven outside the house on baking day."

"I like pink bread best, too," Corn Flower, his little sister, cried.

"Then hurry up and get me a bowl full of red corn," their mother said.

When Broken Arrow brought the pottery bowl filled with dry kernels of red corn, his mother poured some of them on her flat grinding stone. She rolled and crushed the kernels with another piece of smooth rock until they were ground into fine corn meal. Then she ground some more kernels and some more until there was enough meal in a bowl for making pink bread. Because it was made from red corn, the meal was pink instead of white or yellow.

Willow Branch stirred in water until the corn meal was a thick paste. She had already made the fire in the fireplace and now the baking stone was hot enough.

Broken Arrow and Corn Flower watched as their mother carefully brushed all the ashes off the flat stone and as she patted the dough into thin round cakes on it. In a few minutes the first cakes were baked. They were the shape of pancakes but thinner and much more crisp.

WILLOW BRANCH picked up one and made it into a crisp, delicious pink roll. It was still warm when Broken Arrow took it in his hand. He munched happily.

"Nothing is so good as pink bread! I wish we had it every day for supper," the little boy said between big bites.

In a few minutes his mother handed him a second roll of pink corn bread. Broken Arrow opened his mouth. Then he closed it without taking a bite.

"I think I will take this piece to my friend, Buffalo Calf. His mother has been sick. She has not been well enough to make pink bread, so Buffalo Calf would like some even more than I would."

"That is a good idea," his mother said. "Wait and I will fill a basket with pink bread for you to take to Buffalo Calf's family."

In a few minutes the basket was ready and Broken Arrow carried it toward his friend's house. He felt happy munching a delicious piece of pink bread and carrying the present to Buffalo Calf's house. Pink bread seemed to taste even better than usual because he could share the treat with his friends.

A Story by

ELEANOR HAMMOND

STUMBLE-DAY in piney forest



Cuddle Bear could

not forget the look

on Cinnamon's face.

How could he make

amends?

THERE!'' Cuddle Bear sighed, as he dropped the last pine cone onto the pile at the outside corner of his play spot.

''That is good enough for today.''

Cuddle Bear stood looking. His play spot was a level place on the hillside behind the old mine. Three large rocks made walls about it. Its roof was the overhanging limb of a large pine tree.

That pine-tree roof kept out the sun and rain. But that pine-tree roof also kept dropping pine cones on the floor. Every day Cuddle Bear had to pick them up.

Cuddle Bear really intended each day to take the pine cones down to the old mine and put them in Big Brown Bear Mama's basket by the fireplace. But each day lately there had been something that seemed more important—fishing with Johnny Beaver or blackberry hunting.

And today—well, today was a lovely sleeping fall day, just right to go looking for pinon nuts.

So once again Cuddle Bear was leaving the pine cones on the pile. And that pile was getting pretty high. Cuddle Bear stood looking at it before he started off.

Then, all in a minute, something happened.

Slap! went the limb of the thimbleberry bush at his side. Slap! right against his cheek.

Crash! Something big and brown and furry fell into the play corner. It frightened Cuddle Bear.

Then he saw that it was Cinnamon Bear. And ker-plunk! Cinnamon Bear had dropped right on top of the pine cone pile.

Scitter, scatter went the pine cones all over the floor again. Not only those that Cuddle Bear had picked up that morning but all that he had picked up the morning before and the morning before that.

''Cinnamon Bear!'' Cuddle Bear squealed as he watched the pines roll about, ''Look what you have done!''

''Oh, but Cuddle Bear,'' Cinnamon Bear scrambled up and rubbed his elbows, ''I could not help it. I stumbled on something.''

''Well, why don't you look where you are going?'' Cuddle Bear was cross as could be. ''You just get out of here and go on home.''

The minute the words were spoken, Cuddle Bear was sorry. He really did not want Cinnamon Bear to go home at all. In fact, Cuddle Bear had been just about ready to go after Cinnamon Bear so that they could go hunting pinon nuts together.

But one word of crossness can so easily grow into two.

And now Cuddle Bear was even more dismayed to hear Cinnamon Bear answer right back.

''All right, Cuddle Bear of Piney Forest, I *will* go home. I did not mean to spill your old pine cones and you know it. Besides, it hurt, too.''

A Story by

ANNE M. HALLADAY

Then slap, went the thimbleberry bush once again. And once again, Cuddle Bear stood alone in his play spot as it flew back.

Stomp, stomp, stomp! Cuddle Bear could hear Cinnamon Bear's feet going up the path on the other side.

"Oh!" Cuddle Bear wanted to cry out, "Cinnamon, come on back." But Cuddle Bear did not. He just gave the scattered pine cones one last look and snorted.

"I'll go by myself and I'll get a whole lot of pinon nuts."

Cuddle Bear did find many pinon nuts. The cold fall nights had snapped the cones and opened them. One little pine tree on the side of Stony Hill was heavy with them. Cuddle Bear filled his basket and pockets besides.

BUT IN spite of all this he was not a happy little bear. He could not stop the sorry feeling that kept growing inside him. He could not forget the hurt look that had come into Cinnamon Bear's face as he rubbed his side and arm.

Although perhaps Cuddle Bear did not know it, as he walked home with his load of pinon nuts he somehow wanted to do one nice thing to make up for his bad day.

So he stopped at Grandpa Grizzly's cave.

"Grandpa Grizzly!" Cuddle Bear called outside the door. "I brought you some fresh pinon nuts," he said as Grandpa Grizzly came to look out.

"Why, Cuddle Bear! How good of you! Don't you want to come in and put them on the shelf for me?"

Of course Cuddle Bear did. He started up the step. But just as he walked inside the door, something caught his foot. Cuddle Bear grabbed at the door but too late.

Whisk! went the basket out of his paw. Flop! Cuddle Bear dropped to the floor of the cave on his round little stomach.

And for the second time that day things went scittering about him. Not only the pinon nuts but other things besides.

For Cuddle Bear's basket had hit Grandpa Grizzly's shelf and knocked things east and west.

"Oh!" Cuddle Bear stood up and looked about at the mess he had made. "I did not mean to. I stumbled."

"Stumbled? I should say you did. Did it hurt you? That old board by my door is a trouble maker. It catches me once in a while."

"Oh, but—" Cuddle Bear was a little frightened. He expected scolding words from Grandpa Grizzly.

BUT GRANDPA Grizzly did not scold. Instead Grandpa Grizzly came over and brushed Cuddle Bear off.

"Never mind one bit about that shelf. It needed straightening up anyway. Now will be just a good time to do it. And by the time it is in order everything will be off the floor." Grandpa Grizzly laughed. "I know you did not mean to do it."

Do You Have His Number?

The title of each of these books needs a number to complete it. If you can supply the correct numbers, they will add to a total of 51,091.

1. **Tale of ——— Cities by Charles Dickens**
2. **——— on the Hoof by Zane Grey**
3. **House of ——— Gables by Nathaniel Hawthorne**
4. **——— Leagues Under the Sea by Jules Verne**
5. **——— Horsemen of the Apocalypse by Vicente Ibanez**
6. **Life Begins at ——— by Walter Pipkin**
7. **——— Little Peppers and How They Grew by Margaret Sidney**
8. **——— Beautiful Things. Edited by Marjorie Barrow**
9. **——— by Booth Tarkington**
10. **——— Cousins by Louisa M. Alcott**
11. **——— Strange Clues by Margaret Sutton**
12. **——— For the Money by Janet Lambert**

ANSWERS

1. 2
2. 30,000
3. 7
4. 20,000
5. 4
6. 40
7. 5
8. 1,000
9. 17
10. 8
11. 7
12. 1

Mary Kyle Tucker

Little Halloween cat,

black as a witch's steepled hat,

who'd be in horror of a spook

with a satin nose and a velvet look?

Who'd give a quiver, who would quail

at a powder puff kitten with a fluffy tail?

no, fat little haunt, you're faring

not so well—more scared than scaring.



Cuddle Bear could scarcely believe his ears.

How good Grandpa Grizzly was!

Then what Grandpa Grizzly had said came back to Cuddle Bear.

"... did not mean to..."

Why that was what Cinnamon Bear had said to him, Cuddle Bear, that morning. And Cinnamon Bear had not been able to help falling any more than he had.

So after he and Grandpa Grizzly had put the cave back into order, there was a pad of feet along the path that led to Cinnamon Bear's house—hurrying feet—Cuddle Bear's feet.

Nor had he gone far before he heard the pad, pad of feet coming his way. Then all in a minute he stood face to face with Cinnamon Bear once again. And before he knew it, all of the things he had wanted to say all day came out.

"Cinnamon Bear, I am sorry that I was so cross at you this morning. I know that you stumbled and could not help it."

Then because it all seemed so easy, Cuddle Bear told Cinnamon Bear what had happened up at Grandpa Grizzly's cave.

"It did not matter if you did spill the pine cones. I needed to pick them up anyway and take them down for my Big Bear Mama to start the fire with. I am going back and do it right now, but first I want you to have some of these pinon nuts."

Cuddle Bear stood looking straight at Cinnamon Bear. Cuddle Bear was just a little fearful that perhaps Cinnamon Bear would still be cross at him. But the look in Cinnamon Bear's eyes let him know that Cinnamon Bear was over being cross, too, even before his friend spoke.

"I will go and help you, Cuddle Bear. Then tomorrow we can start off good and early to hunt for pinon nuts."

"Yes, we can, and we will fill your basket first to make up for today," Cuddle Bear agreed.

Oh, how very nice it was to be living in a friendly forest once again!

LOUIS PASTEUR

helper of humanity

IF JESUS spoke truly when he said, "If any would be great among you, let him be as one who serves," those who have named Louis Pasteur as "the greatest man of the nineteenth century" were not far wrong. For his famous discoveries in the field of science have proved a blessing to literally hundreds of millions of people.

Some of us might name such a man as Abraham Lincoln, who also was a great servant, as one worthy of that fine commendation. But none would be inclined to argue the proposition. For these two men both followed in the footsteps of the Master, who was the greatest servant of all.

Some readers of history might possibly wish to put such a man as Napoleon Bonaparte toward the top of the list of great men of his century; but a modern historian gave Napoleon his rightful place when he described him as "a dark little personage, hard, capable, unscrupulous, and vulgar." No, Napoleon Bonaparte was really a cancer on what we call civilization. He was not a helper of humanity, but a destroyer of men and of ideals.

As truly great men are studied, it is found that their greatness often stems from good homes and from godly parents. Lincoln, it will be remembered, said: "All that I am, and all that I ever shall be, I owe to my angel mother." And Napoleon himself said: "Give me the first six years of a man's life, and I care not who influences the others." Louis Pasteur's first six years, and many years after, were molded by his parents, especially his father. "My dear son," his father often said to him in his boyhood, "if you could only become a professor in the college of Arbois when you grow up, I should be the happiest man in the world." Young Louis liked that, and very early he determined that he would do his best to realize his father's ambition for him.

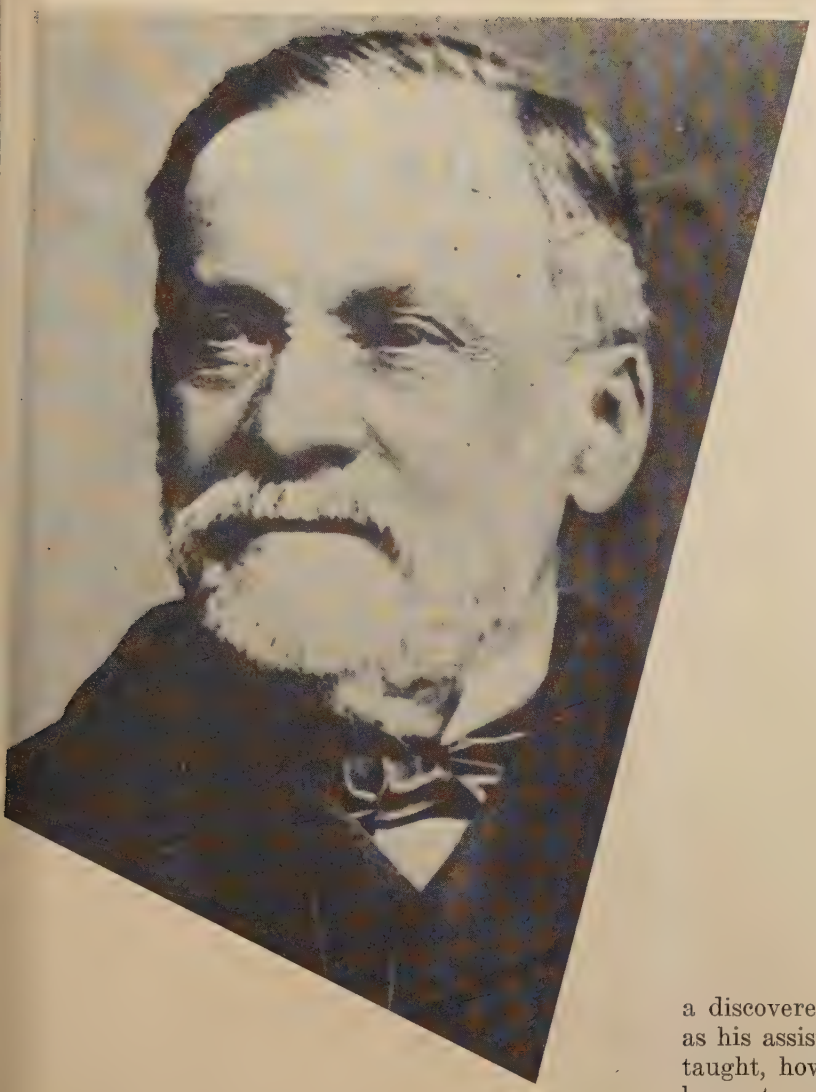
One reason why the father had so high an ambition for his son was that he had been compelled to work at a task that was not congenial. He owned a tannery in Arbois. The lad took interest, however, in his father's activities when the boy was not dreaming of his own future or drawing pictures with crayons; for he was even then an artist, as he was later to develop into a painter of fine portraits. That art, however, was to be laid aside for science, which became his chief interest.

Once the people of Arbois were thrown into a panic when a mad dog appeared with foaming lips, biting everyone in his pathway. "If I could only find some way to cure such unfortunate people as these victims of mad dogs, how happy I would be!" thought Louis. He did not know then that he would sometime become famous for that very thing. But there was much to do before he could thus become a great scientist. He kept at his studies, although he was slower than most of his schoolmates. His fond father, however, watched him, and often would sit beside the boy in his home and help him with his school work.

The headmaster of the college of Arbois learned of the boy's talents. "There is a spark of genius in this pupil of mine," he said. "You should by all means go to the famous Ecole Normale (Normal School in Paris)," he told him. And Louis' father agreed. So it was that the lad was soon on his way to a preparatory school in Paris, the big city. Although the boy, on arrival, went to work at his studies, he grew homesick, and his teachers noticed that he was pale. And when his father learned of this, off to Paris he went to bring Louis back home.

Returning to Arbois, Louis talked over his future with his father, and it was decided that the right plan would be for the lad to attend school in the town of Besancon, not far from his home, and soon young Pasteur was again studying. And he was taking special interest in chemistry. He proved so efficient in this field of study that upon his graduation the director of the school said to him, "I would like you to remain here to assist me in my teaching." That delighted both Louis and his father. After a year, however, it was decided that now was the time for the budding scientist to go to Paris to prepare for the Ecole Normale. "Now," Louis thought, "I will not get homesick. I will be a real scholar!"

AFTER STUDIES in the preparatory school, and as Louis reached the age of twenty-one, he entered the famous Normal School with high rating. To lessen his expenses, he continued to teach. While at the school he set about making experiments, which he loved. After three busy years, graduation day came. "And now how shall I spend my life?" Louis asked himself. And he gave the answer: "I will be



By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

A great humanitarian, his background and his immense service to mankind. Here is one more in a series of biographies on personalities who have been voted as most affecting the history of the past hundred years

a discoverer.'' When one of his teachers chose him as his assistant, he was more than delighted. As he taught, however, he continued his experiments. He began to work with crystals, that was exciting. Now he was on his way.

Louis Pasteur's fame was growing. He was called to teach physics at the College of Dijon, and he entered upon his duties there cheerfully. His joy, however, was marred very soon by word that his mother had died. ''But,'' said the young man, ''I must go on with my work.'' When after a few months in Dijon, he was called to Strasbourg, Germany, to teach chemistry, he began to realize that a great career lay before him. Soon after he asked the president of the school for his daughter's hand. And the president was willing.

Although faithful in his teaching duties, the young scientist kept at his beloved experiments with crystals. And now he took interest in the subject of acids. After long study he found out how to obtain a certain desired acid from tartaric acid. Then came fame for him; the Society of Chemistry awarded him a prize for his achievement and the French government presented him with the cross of the Legion of Honor. At thirty-two, he was called to teach in the college in Lille, France. It was while there that young Pasteur took up his study of ferments. ''What makes milk sour? What makes wine ferment?'' he kept asking. Experiments finally told him the answer. He discov-

(*Continued on page* 36.)

Faith and the unhapp

PEG AND BERT will soon celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary. Most of their friends believe them to be an ideally happy couple. Only a few of their old friends remember that they were not always happy. The first four years of their marriage were a nightmare to Peg.

She faced a problem in marriage more serious than most women face. Bert drank to excess. It was before the days of Alcoholics Anonymous but he agreed to take a "cure." Peg did not know if she should take him back.

She went to the doctor who was treating her husband and he told her flatly, "We give a man a start but we guarantee nothing! Your husband is a man who needs confidence in himself more than anything else. If you take him back, he must never know that you have any doubts, whatsoever, about him. Especially must he have your comfort in times of stress."

Peg went home and prayed. She loved Bert or she wouldn't have married him. On her knees, she couldn't feel that God would have her do less than try. It wasn't easy to give a man confidence in himself when she didn't have it but she asked God to help her.

When Bert returned home, Peg greeted him with a reassuring smile and she continued to smile through the long days that followed. If he were five minutes late, fears beset her. But she never let Bert know how she felt. Prayer sustained her. Gradually, as she gave him confidence in his own ability to face life, she grew assured that everything was going to be all right.

Then his mother died! The doctor had warned against these times of stress. She broke every engagement she had, discarded every plan, and stuck to Bert like a burr. She reminded him how proud his mother had been of him. She didn't mention the fact that his mother had been proud because he had quit drinking. Of that, she let Bert remind himself. But she helped him to face grief as his mother would have had him face it.

Twice when he was out of work Peg set about to prove to him and to herself, the truth of the platitude that money isn't everything. Her fears and her sighs she kept for God; her faith she showed to Bert. Her calmness helped him stay sober and in time he found work. Because out of her love grew faith, Peg and Bert are soon celebrating their twentieth anniversary.

Marriage and

family have been

called cornerstones

of civilization;

the individual

must then be the

architect

If your marriage, too, is less than your dreams, you can make it better than it is. It takes faith to make a success of any marriage, but the unhappy marriage takes even more faith. You can have this faith if you are confident that God is backing you in your marriage. And he is.

Marriage is sacred and it is God's will to bless your marriage. But you will find God blesses those who take up their cross daily. It takes both self-denial and self-control to make an ill-advised marriage a happy one.

Eloise's marriage was uncongenial. Harry just didn't measure up to her standards. It was her mother who gave her the courage to save her marriage. Her mother told her, "God knew you could take it!"

That thought drove Eloise back to God. If he

arriage



By DOROTHY C. HASKIN

knew she could "take it," then he would help her to do it. As she prayed, God showed her that nagging only gave her personal relief and made Harry more stubborn. That if, instead, she would appreciate the things Harry did, he would do more things to please her. Eloise tried being as nice as she could to Harry. Her words of commendation worked so well that even Eloise was surprised and that was why she confided in me how her marriage, which had seen so discouraging, had become a partnership.

Sometimes God balances a marriage for the sake of the children. Often, apparently, opposites marry. The lazy marries the energetic. The thrifty marries the extravagant. It is hard on the strong one; but when one realizes the balance is needed for the sake of the children, then one can be the big wheel with a smile.

How we all admired Carrie! Her husband was prodigal in his use of money. When he had it, he spent it quickly; consequently, his family would be in need. Carrie learned to can all the food she could get her hands on. Then, when the lean periods came, the dinner came out of Carrie's cupboards and the smiles of the children made up to Carrie for all her work. She couldn't change her husband, but she could balance him.

Many marriages divide on the subject of religion; but that difference, too, can be changed with faith, and a dash of longsuffering. It was a shock to Grace to learn that her husband was not interested in the things of God. Frank had made Christian profession when he was younger and in the flush of love, she had presumed, as do many girls, that he loved the Lord.

When she realized that she and her husband were growing apart on that most vital point, she sat down and thought, "What can I do to interest Frank in Christian things?" There flashed into her mind a thought—we are interested in the things we know about—and she determined that her husband should know about the things of God.

It took Grace years to win her husband's complete interest. I know that many times it seemed a futile effort but, in the main, she faced her problem with faith. She never said to Frank, or to anyone, that he wasn't a Christian. She knew that the very voicing of it would only hinder her.

Rather, she presumed he would go to church Christmas and Easter and special occasions. Even Grace isn't certain when he started going regularly. It was very gradual. But she does know when they started having family worship; that was after a visit to the home of one of his relatives who held family worship. She suggested to Frank that they have it also. It has been a slow climb, but Grace's faith has been rewarded.

Far more heartbreaking was Gwen's experience. Her husband was not religious, but he was, apparently, what is termed a good man and she was happy with him. They had two sons. Then one day she discovered a love letter he had written to another woman.

The shock left her numb. That evening she con-

(*Continued on page* 46.)



"Feeding the Wienie Witch" is not easy when the small player is blindfolded. It's fun, though!



"Bobbing for Franks" is a departure from apples on a string, and the children love it.

"... whe

HALLOWEEN definitely means a party, particularly to children.

Invitations to appear in costume are imperative and prizes should be awarded for the best masquerader. Invitations should be in the form of witches—a cardboard cutout or printed card. The recipient is invited to meet "the Witch" at the appointed time and place.

The hostess should be costumed as grotesquely as possible in the usual flowing black gown and peaked hat.

How to amuse the guests before snack time determines, to a large degree, the success of the party. Nothing is worse than a slow, dragging period before the food is served. The spirit of fun must be kept alive, and the more games the better, with emphasis on originality. The following suggestions are sure-fire entertainment:

Bobbing for Franks will really excite a group of children. String a stout cord across the room and tie wieners (skinless are best because they are tender to eat and bite through) to the string. They should be well spaced and adjusted to heights so that each contestant can just reach the frankfurter when standing on tiptoes. At a given signal the guests start to eat the wieners without using their hands. The first to eat most of the sausage is the prize winner.

Feeding the Wienie Witch is a variation of the "pin the tail" on the donkey game. A witch's mask or a large witch's head drawn on cardboard with a

By LOUISE PRICE BELL



"The Wienie Witch" is the centerpiece decoration for the party dish. It is made by cutting a brim and crown of a hat from stiff black paper. Costume is cut from black crepe paper, doubled for stiffness, and attached to the frankfurter so that the paper extends out in back like a gown flying in the wind. The nose is made from a carrot tip; the eyes and teeth from cloves. Arms are pipe cleaners dyed black with shoe polish or ink. The broom is made from a pipe cleaner and strips of colored paper.

WITCHES walk"

large opening for the mouth is placed on a chair. Each guest is given a wiener, blindfolded, turned around several times and instructed to insert the wienie in the witch's mouth. A suitable prize is given to the winner.

The String Game is another laugh producer. Tie a wienie (skinless) in the exact center of a long piece of twine. Instruct a boy and girl to take their positions at opposite ends of the string, place the string end in their mouths and start chewing their way toward the middle. The first to reach the wienie is the winner.

Perhaps the most fun of all is the **Wienie Witch Art Contest.** Each guest is given a wiener. In the middle of the floor is placed a basket containing yarn, black-headed pins, beads, feathers, crepe paper, pipe cleaners, paper clips, ribbon and other handy items which may be used to create figurines. No scissors or knives are to be used. Guests sit on the floor surrounding the basket and are instructed to create witches, dragons, ghosts, goblins or anything else they may think of, using the frankfurter for the body and the articles in the basket to complete their work of art. The results will be amazing in some instances because in every group of children there are at least one or two who have a flair for this type of thing and will surprise everyone with their creations.

The big event of the evening is the lunch. "Wienie witches," goblins and ghosts dominate the party setting and make the festive board most attractive.

For place cards, make simple goblins from wienies. Cut out little masks from white paper and fasten them around frankfurters with small pieces of Scotch tape. Make skirts of orange or blue crepe paper and arms of colored pipe cleaners. Colored pipe cleaners can be bought in stores or dyed.

Another idea for place cards—make "ghosts." These are made by inserting frankfurters through the center of white paper napkins and tying them just below the center of the Wienie. An extra napkin at the bottom is cut off in scallops. Use black-headed pins and cloves for the eyes and teeth and insert franks in the holes of sugared doughnuts, which serve to hold the ghosts upright.

"The Wienie Witch" is the centerpiece decoration for the party table. It is made by cutting a brim and crown of a hat from stiff black paper. The costume is cut from black crepe paper, doubled for stiffness and attached to the frankfurter so that the paper extends out in back like a gown flying in the wind. The nose is made from a carrot tip; the eyes and teeth from cloves. Arms are pipe cleaners dyed black with shoe polish or ink. The broom is made from a pipe cleaner and strips of colored paper.

For refreshments, serve something suitable to the season such as a salad made of grated raw carrots and pineapple piled high in pumpkin halves instead of bowls and accompanied by brown bread sandwiches. These sandwiches may be made amusing as well as delicious by having features of cheese decorating their round shapes. Steaming hot chocolate and cookies cut witch-shaped would make an excellent dessert and yet not keep the young revelers awake.

Louis Pasteur

(*From page* 31.)

ered that fermentation is caused by bacteria. How to prevent this action of germs on milk? He proved to himself, by long experimenting, that by heating milk to a certain degree the germs could be killed. Very simple it seems to us now, but his discovery was hailed by the scientists of the world as an epoch-making revelation.

Soon after these experiments, Louis Pasteur was called to administer the activities of the famous Ecole Normale, where he had studied. And soon after his arrival in Paris he learned that a disease was destroying many a grapevine of his country. The national industry, wine making, which brought a living to millions, was threatened. Pasteur set to work to find a remedy for this situation, and he found it. Fame was now coming fast, and at the age of forty-two the scientist told other scholars of his successful experiments. Even Napoleon III, the emperor, came to see him, and suggested that he should have a great cash reward. But Pasteur told him he would not "lower" himself by taking money for doing a good deed for his countrymen.

The off-hours of the famous scientist were spent in all kinds of experiments. What about contagious diseases? What about gangrene that develops in flesh wounds? What about the infection from mad dog bites? If he could solve these problems, he could save thousands of lives. It would be too long a story to tell of his experiments during this time, but it is enough to say that his theory that all such illnesses are caused by living germs brought him success in fighting them.

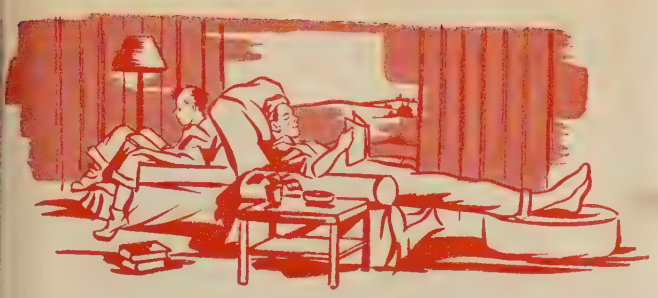
IT WOULD seem that a man who had done so much to help humanity should himself be free from physical handicaps. But, alas, there came suddenly upon him a dread illness that left him paralyzed. All France was grieved. For weeks the scientist was helpless, but after a while he grew stronger. The emperor himself was overjoyed, and told Pasteur that when he recovered he should have a laboratory all his own for his experimenting. And, though full recovery never came, the ambitious scientist was at last to be again at work.

One of the greatest victories was yet to come—Pasteur's extension of the principle of vaccination, which had been discovered by the Englishman, Jenner. He had the idea that if a weak virus were introduced into the human body, the disease caused by that virus could be prevented. Other scientists, and countless people, disliked the idea. What—introduce poison into the body! But the battle was won, after a long fight. And the crippled Pasteur was again hailed—this time over the whole world.

Many lessons can be learned from such a career as that of Louis Pasteur: the grandeur of service to humanity—he has saved the lives of millions; the art of patience—from the time he was paralyzed he was never able to move about with ease; the triumph of hope—when, in 1895, a painful, lingering illness seized him, he tried to hide his sufferings from his devoted family and students; the victory that comes from hard work—he often said to his students, "Work perseveringly; work can be made into a pleasure, and alone is profitable to a man, to his city, to his country."



"Easy does it."



Books for the Hearth Side

During the depression of the thirties families discovered again that fun can be had at home at little cost. Once more the joys of family playtimes are being discovered, not so much because of economic necessity but because we now see its vital importance. Resources for fun at home can be found in *The Family Pleasure Chest,* by Helen and Larry Eisenberg (published by Parthenon Press, Nashville. 207 pages, $1.50, cloth; $1.00 paper). Here are games of all kinds, old and new, which are being used by families. The family that obtains this "treasure chest of pleasure" will find that it is indeed true that "Being a Family Is Fun."

That favorite classic, *Alice in Wonderland,* by Lewis Carroll, has now been made into a feature movie by Walt Disney. Simon and Schuster, publishers of the Little Golden Book Series, have made an adaptation of the Walt Disney production and have issued it in the large Golden Book size. This book, which sells for $1.00, is very colorful. The thirty-two pages, averaging only two or three lines of print on each page, contain a very, very brief version of the story. Those who read and enjoyed the original *Alice in Wonderland* will feel disappointed with both the story and the illustrations, but to those who are not acquainted with the original, this book will probably have quite an appeal.

Three new Little Golden Books have been issued by Simon and Schuster, New York. These are *Little Boy With a Big Horn* by Jack Bechdolt; *The Little Golden A B C Book* by Cornelius DeWitt; and *Ukelele and Her New Doll* by Clara Louise Grant. The story of the little boy with a big horn is the story of a boy who liked to practice on his bass horn. No one liked to hear him practice, however, so he went far away. His practicing notes guided a ship through a fog, making the boy a hero. The other two books mentioned have a jigsaw puzzle in the back, which will possibly attract the children more than the story or pictures of either.

One of the most realistic, heart-warming stories of recent publication is *Peter Holt, P.K.,* by Jean Bothwell (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 241 pages, $2.50). All the members of the Holt family are lovable, but the reader feels very close to young Peter, as he faces the problems of a minister's son in a new community. The story is full of action, so that it will have a particular appeal to boys and girls from nine to twelve years of age. The very wholesome experiences of the family of four children and their parents make the book one which would be enjoyed by an entire family as they read together. Parents might even find help in solving some of their problems with their own children as they read how effectively and wisely Mr. and Mrs. Holt solve theirs. Truly, this is a delightful book.

Young lovers of dogs will be delighted with the book *Spot, the Dalmatian Pup,* by Dorothy K. L'Hommedieu (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 60 pages, $2.00). Spot's ambition is to become a fire-engine dog as her mother had been. She finally realizes her ambition but she has many exciting and humorous adventures before she finally becomes a fire-engine dog. The illustrations by Marguerite Kirmse are quite good. Primary children will enjoy reading it for themselves and younger children will enjoy having it read to them.

The Adventure of Finding God, by Virginia Church (published by Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, 160 pages, price $1.50), carries the explanatory note "wise and friendly letters to youth." The author, for many years a loved and trusted confidante of high school and college young people, lifts out of her correspondence with them the questions they raise about religion and life and answers them out of her abundant experience and faith. This little book is valuable for parents, teachers, and ministers as well as the young people themselves.

The problem of wisely acquainting growing girls and boys with the facts of sex is always with us. Another aid to parents in meeting that issue is to be found in a new book *Into the World,* by Victoria Emerson and James J. Thompson (published by the Woman's Press, New York. 128 pages, price $2.00, illustrated). Directed at children just entering puberty, this unique book gives a natural and uncomplicated account of conception and birth through the medium of family experiences on a farm. What is more natural than to present the facts of life through a story about normal families in a normal setting? The book was written by parents in consultation with other parents, educators, psychologists, ministers, physicians and representatives of parent-teacher and other community groups. The fiction form in which the story is told will make it more appealing to children than a purely factual approach. The charming illustrations add much to the interest and value of the book.

The latest editions of the Little Golden Book Series are *Albert's Zoo; Paper Dolls; Grandpa Bunny; Alice in Wonderland Finds the Garden of Live Flowers; Tom and Jerry;* and *Pantaloon.* These books are published by Simon and Schuster and sell for 25¢ each. Two of the group listed here have additional features. *Albert's Zoo* includes stencil figures of the animals with space left in the book for the child to trace the animal. The paper doll book has paper dolls, clothes, and even a chest and beds for the dolls, all in addition to a story. The other books have no special features, but are colorful.

Biblegram Solution

(*See page* 46.)

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." (Proverbs 3, 13-14.)

The Words

A. Tenement	L. Vanish
B. Heathen	M. Aladdin
C. Matinee	N. Shatter
D. Harmonica	O. Defend
E. Night	P. Fifth
F. Tighten	Q. Ditto
G. Tom Sawyer	R. Soften
H. Tramp	S. Higher
I. Tadpole	T. Gather
J. Hunch	U. Saddest
K. Behind	V. Shorten

W. Tiff

(*From page* 8.)

agree with Johnny's father, who says, "It seems to me that Johnny is one of the best missionaries in our family."

For a story of the children in the new Japan, there is *Toshio and Tama,* by Anne M. Halladay. In Tokyo, Toshio makes friends with Joe San, an American soldier who has a little boy, Peter, in America, and Peter is just Toshio's age. When Toshio moves to the country he expects to miss the city and his new friend. But there are things that are fun in the country too—rabbits and Boy's Day and then—a visit from Joe San!

You will find *Sandy and Mr. Jalopy,* by Edith Agnew, a fascinating story of a migrant family. Sandy never lived long in one house because he had to follow the beans. Much of the time he lived long in an old car called Mr. Jalopy, going from one place to another. Mr. Jalopy had wobbly fenders and a bashed-in nose. One day he took them to Florida, and there Sandy made the friends he'd always wanted.

Then there is *The Three Henrys and Mrs. Hornicle* by the same author, Edith Agnew. The three Henrys lived in a mining village and so did Mrs. Hornicle. There was no church or Sunday school in their village of Highcable and Mrs. Hornicle decided to do something about it. She did, too, and Third Henry and his friends reaped the benefit.

In *The Thirsty Village,* by Dorothy Blatter, children will find a story about boys and girls in Lebanon. Jirjis, who comes from a Christian village and Ahmed who lives in an Arab one dare to be friends in spite of the enmity between their families, caused by differences in religion and trouble over a scanty water supply. Jirgis and Ahmed together bring about a change in their villages.



Serrano

"He barks—what can you do?"

Here is *Ke Sooni,* delightfully written by Virginia Fairfax and Hallie Buie and beautifully illustrated in color by Janet Smalley. Korea, Ke Sooni's home, is called "The Land of the Morning Calm," because the sea and the winds are so quiet in the early morning. Ke Sooni herself looks like a flower in her full red skirt and green jacket. This is an enchanting story of a Korean girl, and her friends, of the festivals they celebrate and the games they enjoy. It is suitable for girls eight to ten.

Janet Smalley's illustrations again succeed in capturing the mood—this time of Puerto Rico—for Alice Geer Kelsey's exciting tale *Mingo of the Merry-Go-Round.* Junior boys and girls from nine to eleven will find their own dreams come true when Mingo leaves home to work on the most beautiful merry-go-round in the carnival. Mingo's adventures in learning to read are just this side of hilarious. To his chagrin he discovers that all signs do not say "Ices for Sale." Going through Puerto Rico, Mingo sees the very rich and the very poor. Mrs. Kelsey writes with real understanding of boys.

Boys and girls who live in the suburbs and in the country will like *The Busy Berrys,* by Frances Dunlap Heron particularly well. The Berrys lived in Flossmoor, a suburb on the outskirts of a large city. Then they moved to Morrisville, a village turned upside down by the Plastikem Company. Soon the whole family, from small Danny to lively Granny, were busy solving the village problems.

Juniors will also enjoy *Dike Against the Sea,* by Mary Brewster Hollister, the breath-taking story of a boy and girl in post-war China. Star and her older brother True live on the coast of Central China, behind a dike that protects the rice fields from the sea. Their adventures begin when they explore a cave and are captured by bandits. No sooner do they make their escape than a great tidal wave sweeps down on the village. The dike, their bulwark against the sea, is destroyed. The exciting denouement will hold the interest of older as well as younger people.

Another book that will interest juniors is *They Live in Bible Lands,* by Grace McGavran. The illustrations, factual material and stories in this book will help the juniors link up the Bible stories they hear in Sunday school with present-day happenings in Bible Lands.

The Picture Story Books will be received with enthusiasm by both primary and junior boys and girls. The large full-page photographs facing every page give a vivid portrayal of children of other lands and races through pictures of their homes, schools, churches and communities. Would you like to glance at a few of these?

Uncle Pete in *My Alaska Picture Story Book* sends pictures and letters on his trip through Alaska to his nineteen "naughty (but nice)" nieces and nephews. "There are so many mountain peaks," he writes. "Some of them are pointed and jagged. All of them are high and wildly beautiful." In Fairbanks he finds it is hot. "Imagine being too hot in

(*Continued on page* 47.)

Family Counselors



DOROTHY FAUST

Letter: At every turn I meet discouragement and disappointment. I am in a position where I cannot be employed or care for myself as I would like to do. I am a Christian, otherwise I suppose I would have considered taking my own life. When I get very discouraged my friends tell me to read my Bible and I will find help. So far that has not helped me and I have spent hours and hours reading my Bible. I feel most of the time like I will never be able to get out and do the things I so desire to do. I feel like I am in jail. Do you have any suggestions that will help me to avoid discouragement?

Answer: Your friends were right when they suggested that you read your Bible to avoid discouragement, but they should have gone a step further by saying, "Read and then put into practice what you read." Unless you are willing to make practical and demonstrate what you read, it is nothing. The Bible is full of glorification of God. One cannot be discouraged or disappointed and express gratitude to God.

Even though you cannot go outside you could be grateful that you have adequate care. Think for a moment about those who are caring for you. Matt. 10:8 says "Freely ye have received, freely give." One does not give freely without feeling a great abundance of joy. Instead of being sad you can smile at those about you. You can speak pleasantly instead of grumbling about yourself. Only as you are willing to give will you eliminate these barriers to real happiness.

Look again at your Bible, Acts 16:23-34. Paul and Silas were thrown into jail and worse still the Bible says, "It was inner prison." Then it was midnight, the darkest hours of the night, but they were not discouraged for it says, "they sang praises unto God" so loud the prisoners and guards heard them. When they shared their gratitude to God with others they were released from their shackles and prison. One cannot sing praises and at the same time cry disappointment.

My dear friend, under all circumstances you can begin today liberating yourself from your jail by giving. Look about you and count aloud to your friends those things for which you can be grateful. This is not the Pollyanna game, but God gives his own instructions in showing us that if we but express thanks to him we can be free. God does not say give freely of another's talent, but give freely of that over which we have complete control be it great or small. Let him be the judge.

Question: We have been married four years now, and for that reason I fear our problem will not get better. I love my wife and do not wish to create a scene. She has taken over completely the management of the finances of our home. On Saturday when I bring my check home she takes it and I am given back a couple of dollars for lunch money. She is a careful manager, but I am continually embarrassed to ask for more money. At times I am almost ready to blow up. What can I do to rearrange our finances instead of continuing as we have been?

Answer: Many happy homes have been ruined by this very flaw. Much more frequently we find the husband the sinner, making his wife beg for a quarter or dollar at a time and render an account of how she spent every penny. We usually say that the wife, who keeps the home, bears and cares for the children, holds an equal share in all funds of the home. She and her husband should be partners—to share and share alike. It is humiliating to anyone to literally have to beg or coax to get money for the actual needs of the family. I personally feel any man is weak who turns his full check over to his wife knowing he must coax for some of it back again. Too, she may be happy to get the check, but subconsciously your wife cannot have the same respect for you as if you were in partnership regarding finances. In a truly happy home neither parent should be on an allowance or dole. Allowances are for children to teach them proper handling of finances. One pocketbook or bank account to which both have equal access is most advisable. Nothing should be bought by either without consent of both if it involves an expenditure of any size. I mention that allowances are for children—I wish to add, many adults are still children when it comes to money matters. Some adults appear to be happier on an allowance. My sympathy goes out to anyone who wakes up after marriage to find the partner is irresponsible in handling money. I am indeed sorry for any home in which two people live, the one being a banker and the other a beggar.

First, try discussing the matter with your wife. She may not realize that you are annoyed by the

(*Continued on page* 47.)

(*From page* 13.)

Take the matter of using the car on a date. That's a matter about which parents become eloquent. When you and Jim are washing the old vehicle, you could mention that good manners and good driving are about the same things. The surest way for any sensible girl to get the idea that her date is as mature as he wishes to appear, is for him to handle the car with confidence and care. "Supersonic" speed may be exhilarating, but that's for the skyways and not the highways. Connie may seem convinced that the driver is quite a "whiz kid," but when the telephone poles begin to look as close together as fence posts and any moment liable to turn into tombstones, she may inwardly be frightened. She'd never let on, but she will think, "If I get out of this alive, I'll walk next time—and it won't be with Jim." You may have pointed out to Jim the danger of speed, but it might prove effective to back up your words by hinting that the girl may feel the same way.

Flat tires and stretches of road construction are no respecters of dates. If Jim has a half-a-dollar extra in his pocket with which to 'phone home in the middle of the night in case of car trouble, his parents will be saved from horrible imaginings. A tire explosion fifteen miles from home could cause a home explosion two hours later when he gets in with the girl.

JIM MAY need ideas about where to go and what to do on his date. Accent should be placed upon activity, because he may find making conversation difficult. On court, gridiron, and diamond, he can make his legs go with flashy speed; left with a girl for half an hour, with no activity planned, he may not be able to make his tongue move. His problem is solved when he pulls off his sweater at the bowling alley and slams home a couple of spares on every string. He and his date will do well here, for in these days girls can play almost any game, and play it well. Put a pair of rollers on Jim's feet, turn on the music, and he can glide and skim and swing Connie in a whirl of motion. In the roar of a hundred skates there is no need for conversation. In a pair of trunks at the swimming pool he can make his half-gainers and jackknives speak an eloquent language all their own. The time will come when he will not feel so much at a loss, for he will have a store of experiences about which he can talk. At any rate, activity is a magnet which will help to pull the awkwardness out of his teen-age relationships.



"I'm Charlie Smith, from the next block, ma'am. I'm working my wife's way through Brown's Department Store. . ."

On the other hand, some fellows fizz light chatter like an inexhaustible pop bottle. A few girls may lap it up; mostly they'll label him a thirty-second degree bore. Vigorous action will shut him up, causing him to burn his energy through the use of his arm and leg muscles, instead of his jaw muscles. So if Jim can't talk, suggest activity, lively and brisk. If he talks too much—same thing.

Imagine how Jim feels, on his first date, as he walks up the lane to call for Connie. He lifts his fist to knock and holds it there. Suppose her father, and not Connie, opens the door. He gulps and looks back down the lane. Still time to bolt! But he knows that somehow he has to bulldog his way through this thing. This house looks like a forbidding fortress against which he has no effective weapons for his offensive. Once the portal opens and he reluctantly enters, he will be forever prisoner—to the girl's father.

Once inside it does look like an ordinary house after all, and that combination of ogre-and-muscle-man, Connie's father, seems rather a jolly fellow.

FOR HIS next date you might suggest to Jim a topic or two which would serve as a discussion point: such as the World's Series, golf, or the high school football team's prospects. When a boy calls for his date, he may not see her father, but the kid brother who comes sliding down the banister in hilarious imitation of the Lone Ranger. Getting on his good side would do no harm. Knowing how to say a pleasant word to the girl's mother is essential.

There's this whole business of clockwatching. The matter of late hours for young folks has raised more blood pressures among parents than any other.

Maybe your dander gets up, or is it worry that's had you gnawing your nails because Jim's an hour and a half late? You may itch to meet him at the door with uplifted cudgel and a string of promised reprisals as long as your arm. But if you swing your club too hard you'll be sorry. After all Jim meant no harm, and should be allowed a margin for error in judging time. Sometime when your blood pressure is down to normal, ask Jim what he feels is a reasonable hour to get home after a date. If he's

worth his salt, he'll probably surprise you by setting a decent deadline himself. Upon Connie and the wishes of her parents may depend a possible solution to the problem of the "zero hour" for the date. If she and her parents set a time limit, Jim must graciously abide by it.

As you well know, Jim's allowance looks big to you, but small to him. Time was when a whole honeymoon cost little more than one evening out with a present-day miss. Nowadays, unless the young fellow has a part-time job which pays well, dinner dates and expensive shows should be discouraged. Occasionally, perhaps, a splurge is in order; but encourage Jim to make it very occasional. Suppose, after knowing Connie for several months, he takes her on a dinner date, and she orders lobster instead of a pork chop! His allowance may be too little! In any case, he should have a spare dollar or more stuffed away in his pockets.

Jim will worry about this himself. Any suggestion you advance about an inexpensive way to entertain his girl for an evening will be acceptable to him—if it doesn't make him feel like a piker. But figure it as you will, the event is going to cost money. The roller rink, the motion picture palace, the bowling alley, and the snack bar, are not institutions set up by humanitarian proprietors to help young America in enjoying itself free. Their purpose is to make money. And that's that!

The long hike, the mountain climb, the hot game of tennis: these are a few of the activities which may be enjoyed with a closed wallet. Even then, gasoline and car wear and tear enter the picture at some place. But, parents, it's up to you to help son as he begins to date the girls.

I Live in the Country

(*From page* 12.)

and to share their pride in the land. If you want to yell—who cares? If you want to try something new there is room for the trying. To a great extent you are your own boss.

AND YET there we find the paradox. In a place so ideal for development of the individualism we also find plenty of opportunities for working with others. Farmers often find it quite satisfactory to pool their tools and labor for planting and harvesting the crops, to plan and work together to carry out measures of soil conservation, to form and work through their own cooperatives for purchasing and selling, for providing community frozen food lockers and other services to the community. Working together they find they can bring about needed legislative action and in many ways make themselves and their nation stronger.

Rural interests are becoming more and more widespread as they learn of other peoples, as they see others at work. In Indiana, for instance, tours have been planned that have taken farm people into all parts of the United States and into Canada to see how other rural (and city) people live and work. They have fully cooperated in such projects as CARE to help feed the hungry peoples of the world.

In the country there is room to think. And that is good. Too many people in our world today have not yet learned to think. Always they must have companionship or entertainment. They are bored and terribly insecure without them. They don't know how to live by themselves—with themselves. The discovery of simple truths and great ideas come only to those who have learned to think. "Be still and know that I am God." "And Jesus went apart—" In thinking one finds contentment and challenge. The long hours in the country away from other people provide fertile soil for thinking, give one the right perspective, allow one to form a true sense of values.

In the country there is opportunity to grow spiritually, mentally and physically. There one can find companionship and partnership with God. One can be himself. "When I consider the heavens. . . What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" I am glad I live in the country.

How Children Find God

(*From page* 4.)

child's own reading or for reading aloud in the family. *Tell Me About God, The Bible Story of Creation, Prayers for Little Children,* and *My Own Book of Prayers* were all written by Dr. Jones. *Always There Is God,* by Trent, is another in this field. *Then I Think of God,* and *Some Time Every Day,* by Niedermeyer, and *Thoughts of God for Boys and Girls,* by the Connecticut Council of Churches, provide devotional readings, Bible verses and prayers for home use by or with the children in the family. *Children's Prayers for Every Day,* is another book of prayers written by Jessie Eleanor Moore. Other children's prayers are published from time to time in the church school lesson materials used by the boys and girls, while devotional material is found in the weekly issues of *Storyland* and *Junior World.*



"Sa-a-ay, you're improving! You're getting the smoke out of the house earlier."

STUDY GUIDE

on "How Children Find God"

General Suggestions for Your Meeting

1. Why not plan for a round table or panel discussion for this meeting of your parents' group? Choose parents to participate who have children of varying ages so that families with children of each age group will be represented in the discussion. Give each member of the panel a copy of *Hearthstone* so that he may become familiar with the article. Secure, if possible, a copy of the pamphlet and the books recommended at the close of this page, and give them to members of your panel with the suggestion that they study the chapters indicated and be ready to share that information during the discussion.

2. It would be interesting and helpful to the parents to know what is being taught about God in the church school. If any of the members of your group are teaching in the church school, ask them to be ready to report on the units of study which are designed to guide boys and girls into a knowledge of and fellowship with God. If there are no teachers in your group, perhaps it would be possible for a leader in the children's division of your church to bring that information to your meeting.

3. Set up a display table of devotional and prayer books for children and have someone ready to present them to the group as a whole.

Planning the Panel Discussion

Call together sometime previous to your meeting those who will participate on your panel. Review the article and list the points which you wish to have brought out in the discussion. They will perhaps include the following:

1. At what age does the religious development of a child begin? (At birth.)

2. In what ways does the home teach a child about God? Explain.

a) Through the loving care of the mother for her baby.

b) Through the expressions of love and kindness of members of the family for one another.

c) Through the faith in and love for God which the parents express in their own lives.

d) Through attitudes of fair play, forgiveness, understanding, patience, dependability and similar Christian virtues displayed in times of disagreement or wrongdoing in the home.

3. In what ways may parents consciously strive to lead their children to know God?

a) By carefully answering questions the children ask which give opportunity for guiding the questioner to think of God in relation to the object of his query.

b) By interpreting everyday experiences in terms of God's love and plan for the happiness of his children.

c) By providing experiences of family worship in the home.

d) By joining together as a family in sharing or service projects for others outside the home.

e) By providing religious books for the children, reading them aloud together or using them in family or children's worship.

4. What resources are available for parents in their task of guiding their children to know God?

a) The Bible and other religious literature to enrich their own faith.

b) The worship and preaching and teaching services of their church.

c) Books on the religious guidance of children.

Go over these points together and plan which member of the panel will be responsible for introducing the various thoughts into the discussion.

Think together of concrete examples of questions which children ask and everyday experiences of children which may be cited as illustrations of the points to be made.

Ask one member of the panel to be responsible for bringing information concerning the gradual growth of a child's ideas and belief in God at various stages of his physical and mental growth.

The Program for Your Meeting

1. Introduction of theme of study by leader for the evening.

2. Introduction of panel discussion and members of the panel.

3. Panel discussion as planned beforehand.

4. Period of general discussion in which the other members of the group are encouraged to ask questions or to make comments.

5. Report of church school leader concerning units of work being studied by various age groups in the church school which help the children to know and worship God.

6. Report on books for children followed by an opportunity for the parents to handle them more closely.

Recommended Books for Study

JONES, MARY ALICE. *The Faith of Our Children.*

JONES, MARY ALICE. *Guiding Children in Christian Growth.*

SWEET, HERMAN. *Opening the Door to God.*

SHERRILL, LEWIS J. *The Opening Doors to Childhood.*

WHITEHOUSE, ELIZABETH S. *The Children We Teach.*

Books for Children

JONES, MARY ALICE. *Tell Me About God, The Bible Story of Creation, Prayers for Little Children, My Own Book of Prayers.*

TRENT, ROBBIE. *Always There Is God.*

NIEDERMEYER, MABEL. *Then I Think of God,* and *Some Time Every Day.*

MOORE, JESSIE ELEANOR. *Children's Prayers for Every Day.*

When Children Come with You

plan to have a leader who may:

Conduct a Story Hour. Stories may be told from the primary and junior story papers, or from a book of stories borrowed from the public library such as *Another Story Shop* by Mary C. Odell. This would be a good time to tell a story of a good, wholesome Halloween celebration.

Guide in Making Articles. Encouraging a celebration of Halloween which is not destructive may be helped by guiding the children in having fun making paper bag or paper plate masks. Directions for these and other articles are found in books like *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming and *Do-It-Fun for Boys and Girls* by Mary and Dale Goss. Suggestions and directions are often found in the primary and junior story papers.

Direct Games. Games which are really fun and not dangerous and destructive may be planned with a Halloween emphasis. Suggestions may be found in the story papers or in this magazine.

By MABEL NIEDERMEYER McCAW

COOKING NEWS



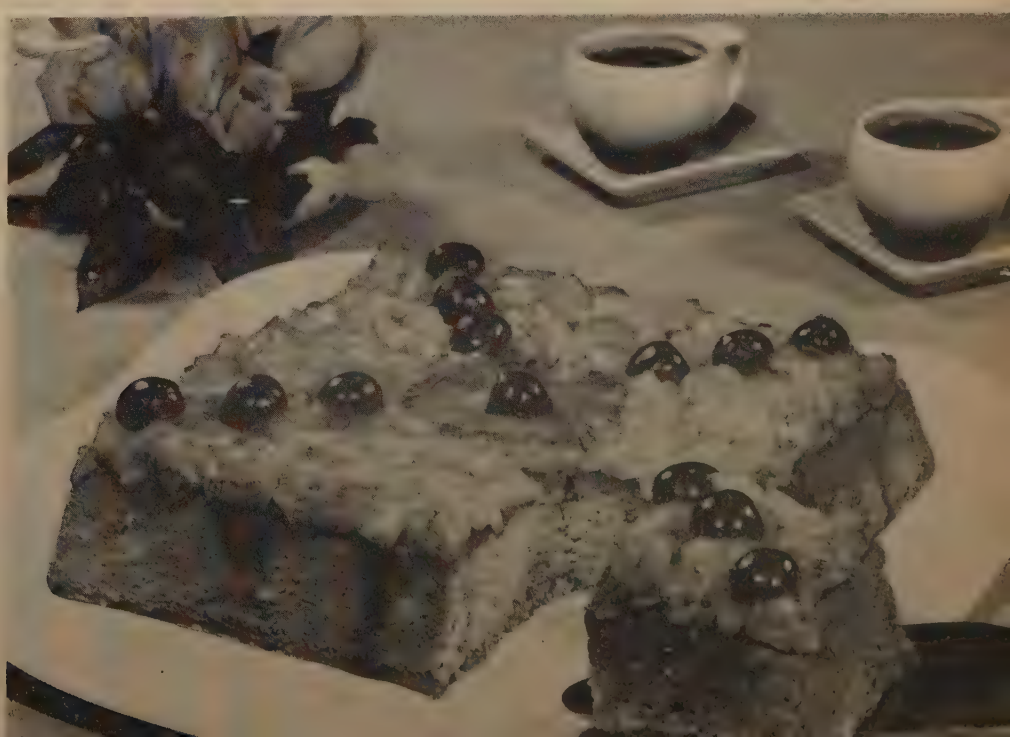
from Frances Barton

Pineapple upside-down cakes, light and luscious, are a favorite American dessert. And they're one of the easiest to make, if you use a white cake mix for the foundation, and canned pineapple, in chunks or slices or crisp, crushed bits, for the topping.

The pineapple, enriched with brown sugar and butter, is the topping when the cake is served, but it is the part that goes into the pan first. So prepare it first, in whatever kind of pan you choose to use—a square one, individual casseroles, a ring or even an iron skillet.

You'll be sure of a downy light cake with the white cake mix. The batter can be ready to pour over the pineapple four minutes after you open the package. And when you cut your cake, while it's still warm—the pineapple golden brown and fragrant, the cake snowy white and feathery light—you'll get more praise than you deserve for such an easy triumph.

You can vary your basic pineapple cake by varied garnishes. Halved or whole red or green cherries, for instance, pecan or walnut meats or blanched almonds, are attractive garnishes—and any one of these nuts added, chopped, to the pineapple mixture, gives appetizing variety. You can make a pineapple upside-down cake, too, out of the spice cake version of the mix. And you can serve it with whipped cream, if you like that extra touch of richness.



Pineapple upside-down cake, a favorite American dessert, is one of the easiest to make with a white cake mix.

Country Auction

(*From page 7.*)

It had been a good story, he had thought in those days. It had done rather well—fifteen thousand copies, good for a first novel. But it had been only the beginning for him. He had gone on to write others, and finally a best seller, a club selection, slick, streamlined, sexy. It had given him a comfortable apartment in New York, a summer place in Maine—and it had really given him a chance with Carol. But somehow it hadn't brought him any real satisfaction. And he just couldn't repeat—although his publisher and his agent and his wife were all after him to get going on another. But the thing had suddenly gone dead. He couldn't summon the energy to write. There was really nothing he wanted to write about. It had all been done—and done better than he could do it. He closed the book and put it down when he heard a door open.

Some people were passing through the room. Summer people. Two women.

One of them said to the other, with a strong Boston accent, "What a perfectly *awful* place, Alice. Can you imagine living alone in this—all winter?"

"No," said the other, "I don't have what it takes." And she laughed with the peculiar affectation of the dowager.

"There's not a single antique in the place," said the first, as they swirled through the room. "Nothing I'd want found in my barn. . . ."

WHEN they had gone, he picked up the book and opened it again. He could hear the auctioneer outside shouting his wares. And then the hucksterıng voice faded out of his consciousness. He read again the dedication he had written—"To the memory of my Mother, who gave me the heritage of faith." And a mist burned in his eyes as he remembered her—triumphant over suffering, joyous in spite of her pain. And he recalled the secret of her courage: her faith.

But he had long since lost that faith. He had wanted to succeed. He had wanted to write a best seller. Well, he had done it. But he had lost something, and it brought him no satisfaction.

He flicked through the book. It was marked and there was an occasional annotation in the margin. Where one of the characters in the book, at the funeral of an athlete dying young, said—"It isn't how long a man lives that counts; it's how well he lives. Life, real life, isn't quantitative; it's qualitative . . ." In the margin a hand, not the widow Peasley's, possibly Jim's, whoever he was, had written—"how true!"

It gave him a strange feeling to follow the markings of that hand through the book. Here, he felt, was a man, unknown to him, who had found inspiration and strength in something he had written. Nobody would be doing that with his latest book. He could hear the girls at the beaches saying to one another, "Listen to this, Irma. Is this hot!" And he could see the boys taking the book furtively to their rooms to reread the sexy passages. The unsophisticated might still say, "That's true. That's like life." But nobody would be finding any inspiration in it. No, he had come a long way since that first book.

SUDDENLY HE decided to look in the old Bible. On the front page, loose and worn, he read, "To Mary from John, with all my love—June 5, 1898." It was more marked than the other, than his book. Much more. He turned the thin marked pages until he came to the Book of Proverbs. He could remember his father reading from that at family devotions when he was young. Then a marked verse stood out from the page. It was marked in his mother's Bible, too, he remembered. She had often quoted it to him, before he went away from home, and again just before she died—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

He had lost that path and that light somehow. He leafed further through the book and came to another marked text that leaped out at him with mocking irony, for it had been the verse that had given him the theme for his first book—"Where there is no vision, the people perish. . . ."

The Vision Splendid, he thought ironically. He had taken the title from Wordsworth's great Ode. And now that passage seemed to describe his own experience. "Shades of the prison-house" had closed about him. The vision had faded into the light of common day. It had vanished. And nothing seemed very important now.

He closed the Bible and put it on top of his novel. He got *Faber on the Prophecies,* the three volumes of Shakespeare, and the leather-bound *History of Ancient Times,* and put them together.

THEN he went out as he had come in. The auctioneer turned to pick up a soup tureen as he passed.

"Did you see anything you'd be interested in?" he said.

"Some books," said Clayton Morris. "When will you put up the books?"

"After lunch," he said. "We won't get to them until after lunch. I've just about finished with the crockery." His huge mouth twisted in a wry grin.

So he would have to wait until after lunch. He hadn't wanted to. He had wanted to get away.

Near the porch he saw old Mr. Hodgkins who had just mowed his field for him.

"Mr. Hodgkins," he said.

"Yes, sir," the old man said, with a funny little jerk in his voice, sucking in his lips after every few words.

"Did you know the widow Peasley?"

"Indeed I did. A wonderful woman," he said. "A wonderful little woman. Stayed right here and farmed this piece until she died. Yes, sir, a fine woman."

A bored cat and an interested cat were watching a tennis game.

"You seem very interested in tennis," said the bored cat.

"It's not that," said the interested cat, "but my father's in the racket."

"Was there a Jim Peasley?"

"That was her son. He was a cripple."

"Oh," he said, waiting.

"But a fine boy, too. A fine boy. A good mechanic until a jack slipped and pinned him under a truck. Got his back broke and couldn't walk again. He used to do piecework for the mill. Yes, the widow Peasley had a hard time, but she was mighty cheerful. The boy died before she did, and she was all alone here toward the last of it. They tried to get her to move into the village, but she wouldn't."

"I'd like to have known her."

"You'da liked her. Everybody liked her and Jim. They done a lot for folks here."

"Well, thanks, Mr. Hodgkins," he said. "I just wondered about them."

"Aimin' to write a story about them, Mr. Morris?"

"No," he said, as he drifted off toward his wife. "I was just wondering."

BUT he had an idea for a book. His first book had been about people who had lost all their material possessions but had kept their faith. He'd do a novel about a guy who had gained a lot of things but had lost his faith. There was an old question that stuck in his mind about the folly of that. It would be worth trying to restate it—to show the folly. He felt the eagerness that came with a new idea, like water after rain seeping into a dry well.

"What's been keeping you?" his wife said when he got back to her. "Did you find something?"

"Yes," he said.

"What?" she asked. "Tell me."

"Some books."

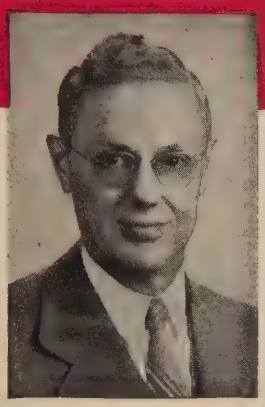
"Oh, books," she said. "Books!" And then she smiled at him indulgently. "You and your books. Did you find anything valuable?"

"Yes," he said. "I think so."

"Well, didn't I tell you?" she said triumphantly. "Now aren't you glad you came? See what I got for fifty cents!" She held up a little ornamental pitcher. "Majolica," she said. "Genuine majolica."

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

Workshop on Christian Family Life

The Centennial Christian Church of St. Louis, Missouri, held a workshop on Christian family life on April 12, 13, 1951. The plans, made carefully by the Committee of Christian Education of the Church, provided that the workshop should be held on two evenings and the topics for the workshop groups were carefully selected and the leaders chosen well in advance. Literature and resources were secured previous to the date of the meetings.

The committee had taken care of minor details which added to the efficiency and success of the workshop. The rooms were well arranged, with literature in each room as well as tables, chairs, and blackboard accommodations. Each room had been provided with a chairman who introduced the speaker, a hostess to look after literature, and a recorder.

The schedule each evening was the following:

7:00- 7:30	Book browsing
7:30- 8:00	Worship in the sanctuary
8:00- 8:50	Workshop study groups
8:50- 9:00	Free, fellowship period
9:00-10:00	Group workshop activities
10:00	Adjournment

The worship in the sanctuary each evening was conducted by one of the families of the church. This gave a distinctly family touch and proved very effective and helpful. On the second evening following the worship the film "Unto Thyself Be True" was shown. The first period following the worship was conducted as a study course with the second period dedicated to discussion and planning in workshop groups so as to come to grips with practical issues.

The general theme of the workshop was "The Church at Work on Its Christian Family Life Program." The discussion and workshop groups dealt with the following subjects:

Maintaining the Family Circle
Family Fellowship and Creative Activities
Preparation for Marriage and Family Life
The Church, Its Youth and Children: Their Program; Their Home
Christian Family Life Program in the Church

The number of persons who registered for the two evenings was around 70.

Family Camping

More and more churches are planning and conducting summer activities for their constituency. A growing interest in this field is the Family Camp. It provides daily opportunities for families to play, discuss, relax and worship together in wholesome surroundings under friendly and competent leaders.

One camp held in eastern Missouri in July chose as its theme, "The Family Lives in One World." As a part of this general theme, the topics chosen for the six days were the following:

Our Family Praises God
May the Whole World Praise God
New Friends to Know
Family Fun Around the World
All Families Learn
Our Family Lives Together in One World

These topics were used as a core to give unity to the study features and activities of each day.

In keeping with this theme, the members of a missionary family with experience in the Belgian Congo were guests of the camp and entered fully into the activities, interpreting the homes and family life of other lands. Audio-visual materials were used in some of the evening programs and helped to interpret the general theme, portraying scenes from other lands.

One of the outstanding features of this camping experience was often commented upon by the campers: "Everyone seems to have such a harmonious and joyful time together." Twenty-eight families (children and parents) from widely separated places came together in the spirit of Jesus. It is that Christian fellowship which is one of the beautiful experiences of the family camp.

Strengthening Homes in the Rural Community

The Ruritan Club, founded in 1928 in Holland, Virginia, has spread over the state of Virginia and into twelve southern states. Its primary objective is to enrich the quality of living of the people of rural America. One of its specific objectives is to "find ways to stabilize the family in the small community." This is done in part through the general objectives, one of which is to help the rural church, and partly through one of the regular committees chosen to serve the home. This committee seeks to give help to families whenever feasible, and to find ways to improve the conditions in the community that will give strength and stability to the home and family life. This calls for an effort to improve the standard of living in small communities, an effort to encourage families to help themselves, and an effort to strengthen their local economy and create new resources of income for those who reside in this type of neighborhood. As a part of its summer program, the Ruritan Club at Pickaway, West Virginia, held a family picnic as its regular meeting on July 16, 1951. All members of the family shared in this picnic of fellowship and fun.

The Ruritan Club is a civic service organization patterned after the service organizations of the cities but changed to meet the needs of rural people and rural communities.

Faith and the Unhappy Marriage

(*From page* 33.)

fronted him with the letter and he replied by asking her for a divorce. He arranged to give her an allowance and moved.

Gwen went around the neighborhood and the church like a thin, white wraith. Her hands were ice to the touch. We all prayed for her. Gwen loved Hal and also for the sake of the children she wanted to keep the home intact. She said, "I will not hurry. God does not want me to hurry. He that believeth shall not make haste."

She waited nearly a year before her husband talked her into starting divorce proceedings. In time, she got the first papers and, in California, she had to wait a year before requesting her final papers. It was more than a year before she agreed to go to court for the final.

But before she could ever get it, the other girl died of an unexpected heart attack. Gwen's husband came running, sobbing, bewildered, back to Gwen's steadiness. You may think you couldn't take him back. I'm sure it wasn't easy for Gwen.

For many months, she still wore a hollow-eyed look but Hal started going to church with her and now the family circle is complete and Gwen is happier than she was before. It was because Gwen loved her husband and had faith to wait, even when things looked their blackest, that eventually she won back her husband.

Faith, prayer and patience are the workers that will turn an unhappy marriage into a happy one.

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A. An apartment-like dwelling occupied by _____
17 48 13 10 37 54 32 40

B. A person who does not believe in God _____
41 36 58 67 50 88 106

C. An afternoon show _____
30 95 97 114 76 80 117

D. A mouth organ _____
1 16 55 11 29 20 6 73 2

E. The time from dusk to dawn _____
142 127 144 123 136

F. To make tighter _____
34 78 44 94 89 71 62

G. Huckleberry Finn's friend _____
8 65 70 7 12 25 5 22 66

H. A hobo _____
129 118 138 100 3

I. A frog in its early stages _____
93 75 33 4 81 115 69

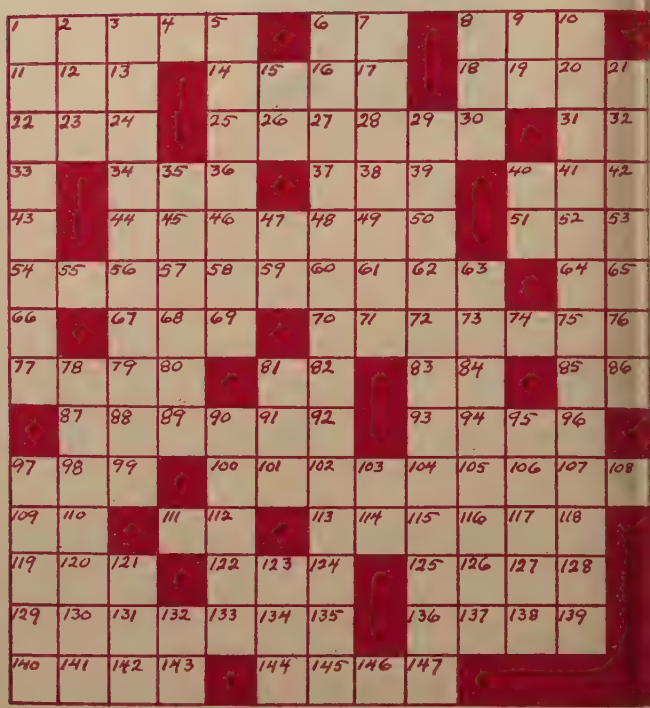
J. Strong feeling that something will happen _____
98 51 96 103 74

K. In the rear of _____
87 124 104 83 59 28

L. Disappear _____
116 105 128 61 113 137

M. The boy with the magic lamp _____
38 146 31 53 60 85 39

N. To break into pieces _____
79 35 42 49 57 99 72



(*Solution on page* 37.)

O. To ward off an attack _____
77 45 18 101 120 21

P. One part of five _____
140 108 135 122 130

Q. Little marks that mean "the same as before" _____
147 141 90 47 145

R. To make softer _____
109 111 82 84 110 52

S. Taller _____
15 19 63 24 131 92

T. To collect, or to harvest _____
125 119 23 68 133 102

U. Most mournful _____
27 126 107 121 143 56 14

V. To make shorter _____
86 9 134 132 46 91 139

W. A little quarrel _____
43 26 64 112

When You Give a Book

(*From page* 38.)

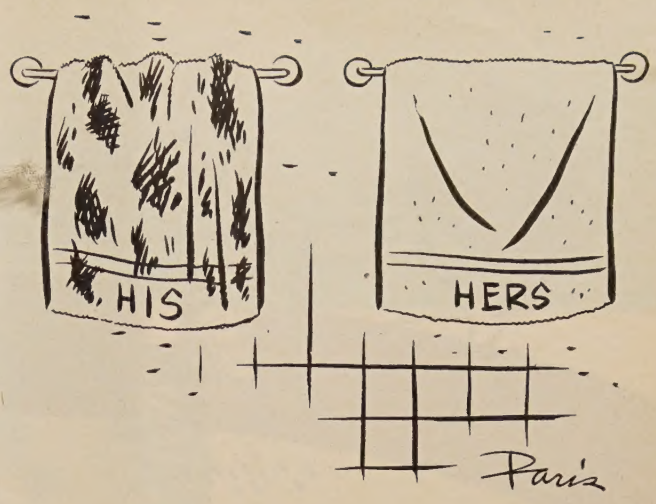
Alaska! The sun stays up at night so that there is really no night—and night is just as hot as day, and—" Uncle Pete meets Old No. One, the locomotive that pulled the first train that ever chugged through Alaska. He makes friends with Indians and Eskimos and sends a picture of two shy little Eskimo girls eating their first ice cream cones. This is an entertaining and informative book for boys and girls between the ages of six and twelve.

Slanted more towards the primary children, *Surprise for Min Deh,* by Nina Millen, is the story of a real live nine-year-old boy. His name is Min Deh, and he lives in West China. On the way to school, Min Deh and his friends see many things—men digging ditches, a china mender at work, an iron maker. After school Min Deh hurries to watch his father experimenting with rabbits in the university laboratory. Sunday the whole family goes to church. There is a trip to the country too. But most exciting, Min Deh has a big wish and it comes true.

My Indian Picture Story Book, by Mabel Niedermeyer shows Indian-American children at work and play across the country. There are twenty-four full-page photographs.

Reading these books will undoubtedly arouse interest in the countries and peoples with which they deal. For other activities there are picture maps, which are work maps accompanied by an insert sheet containing explanatory text and cut-outs. The pictures can be colored and mounted.

For small children there are the pictures sets, the Around the World series, with pictures of such activities as Children at Play Around the World. The sets contain eight pictures each, with an insert sheet of stories that describes the incidents illustrated. Printed in colors on heavy stock, they are splendid teaching pictures for small children. Each set includes children of many different countries in their native costumes and their natural setting. They are available both in large size and in postcard size.



"World Friendship Begins With Children" is the theme of the new Friendship Press children's catalogue. Friendship Press presents the positive aspects of all peoples. It is their conviction that if boys and girls learn to love boys and girls around the world today, tomorrow they will try harder to understand each other's problems. "Sympathy," wrote Carlyle, "is the human safeguard against selfishness."

Family Counselors

(*From page* 39.)

present arrangement. If the two of you are unable to reach a satisfactory agreement, then I suggest you see your minister or a competent counselor.

Question: When I was quite young I made a serious mistake and I have certainly paid heavily for it. As soon as was possible, I moved away from my old friends and environment. In the city in which I now live I joined and have become quite active in church. I fell in love with a grand girl, also a member of the same church. When I had gone with the girl only a short time, realizing she was the only one for me, I told her of my black past. She admitted she was surprised and hurt, but that her love for me would grow stronger because I had told her. A few weeks ago an old acquaintance came to town. Now, I am constantly haunted with the thought that he will tell my secret. I am afraid of losing all I have gained. I greatly fear the attitude of my girl's parents. Shall I tell them or not?

Answer: The true test has come and your final payment which can free you entirely from all fear of any future embarrassment. This experience will make you a stronger person. As to the immediate issue, I suggest that you ask permission of your girl, if you expect to marry her, to call on her parents and explain your situation. Everything depends on just what kind of an impression you have made. If you seem more than sorry for your mistake, appear earnest, worth while, admirable and ambitious, then you have a good chance. Tell her parents you have tried to view the picture from their side, that you want them to consider you for their son-in-law if you can prove to be worthy of such a position.

Your only hope is the delicacy, and most of all the sincerity with which you handle the situation. Your girl's family must learn of your secret from your lips and not from gossip or hearsay. As you press on from day to day to become a worthy Christian citizen you need fear nothing from any man.

Recently a man related quite a similar experience to me. He said he never could forget the joy and relief he felt after talking with his girl's family.

Such peace and harmony can also be yours. Ask God to guide your every word and you too can realize great joy and peace of mind.



Over the Back Fence

Today We Are Two!

With this issue *Hearthstone* celebrates its second anniversary. Twenty-four issues have gone from our presses out across the thresholds of many thousands of homes. We rejoice at the warm reception which its many readers have given it. We are humbled as we realize the great importance of our task and the insistent demands of our objective—to provide enrichment and guidance to the home that it may become progressively more Christian.

It seems worth while to remind our long-time readers and to acquaint our newer subscribers with some of the "whys and wherefores" of this magazine. It came into existence to meet a very urgent need, felt by the leaders of the churches of the American Baptist Convention and the Disciples of Christ. Both groups had expressed a desire for a family magazine that would be given over entirely to pursue the objective stated above. Since neither church body felt able to produce such a magazine separately, a cooperative strategy was decided upon.

Editors of both publishing houses and field staff representatives of both Boards of Christian Education have planned together to make *Hearthstone* what its name implies, The Magazine for the Christian Home. It is not just a magazine for parents, or parents and children. It tries also to be of help and inspiration to individuals who call even a hotel room or a boarding house "home."

We feel you would be interested in knowing something about the planning procedures which go into the production of your family magazine. In July the editors whose names appear on the masthead of the inside front cover met together at Green Lake for a planning session. At that time the contents for the twelve issues for 1953 were roughly blocked out. A similar meeting held in Cincinnati in December, 1950, planned the general contents for the year 1952.

The children's editors of both publishing houses thought in terms of the needs of parents and children, planning articles for the year and discussing the important problem of helping families with young children attain a more effective plan of family worship.

The youth editors planned articles of value to parents of young people and to the young people themselves. It is at this age that *Hearthstone* can be of great help to fathers and mothers of "these bewildering offspring."

The general articles, aimed at parents whose children have grown up, at couples with no children, at adults ready for retirement, at grandmothers and grandfathers, were planned by the editors of adult materials and the directors of family life.

Articles are contracted for by the editor. For example, the deadline for this issue was last February 15. All material is first edited in St. Louis and then in Philadelphia so that all editors give each issue a reading. Then the issue is planned, laid out, composed and printed, and mailed to you nearly a month ahead of the publishing date. All of this work necessitates a long schedule of nearly eight months from the time the manuscripts are received to the mailing date.

These two years have presented many problems to the editors. There has not always been complete agreement on all matters. But these problems and differences of thought are looked upon as challenges to be met in a spirit of friendliness, courtesy, and cooperation.

Your part in this process is to read, inwardly digest, and enjoy each monthly issue. Then your editors would be happy to hear from you. Tell us what you read, what helps you most, what more you would like to see included, yes, even what you do not like and what you do not read.

Thus we can all help make *Hearthstone* a better tool for guidance in Christian family living.

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